

'KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!

No. 1
DECEMBER

with
CAPTAIN



AERO

COMICS



...WITH ALL GUNS
SCREAMING A HYMN
OF DEATH,
CAPTAIN AERO DIVES
AT THE ENEMY AIR-BASE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

CAPTAIN



AERO

WRITTEN BY
ALLEN ULMER
ILLUSTRATED BY
RAY WILLNER



FROM THE WRIGHT BROTHERS TO THE FLYING FORTRESS IS A LONG STEP IN THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR...AS PROGRESS HAS MOVED THE MEN WHO FLY INTO MASTER PILOTS, SO OUR EAGLE OF FREEDOM HAS BECOME A SYMBOL OF WINGS OVER AMERICA!

AT A
SECLUDED
WEST COAST
AIR FIELD,
A GROUP
OF ARMY
OFFICIALS
ARE ABOUT
TO INSPECT
A NEW
PLANE, THE
SECRET
P-60

SHE LOOKS LIKE A
FINE SHIP GENTLEMAN,
--I--OH HERE COMES
CAPTAIN AERO, I
GUESS HE'S READY
TO GIVE HER THE
TEST.



EVERY THING ELSE IS
IN ORDER, CAPTAIN, AND
NOW IT'S UP TO YOU TO
SEE HOW SHE FLIES!

I THINK YOU'LL
FIND HER JUST
WHAT THE ARMY
NEEDS, MAJOR!

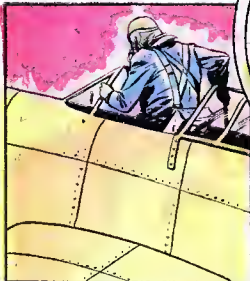


RECEIVING HIS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS
CAPTAIN AERO CLIMBS NIMBLY
INTO THE COCKPIT

THERE
SHE GOES!

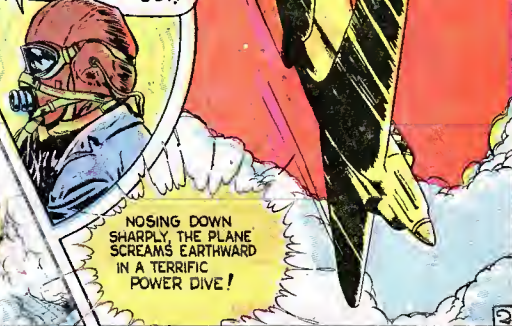


THE MOTOR ROARS AS CAPTAIN
AERO OPENS THE THROTTLE...
THE P-60 FLASHES DOWN THE
RUNWAY-----AND ZOOMS OFF
THE GROUND IN A STARTLING
POWER CLIMB!



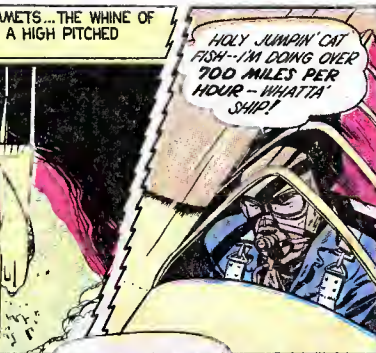
UP! UP! UP!-- THE
NEW SHIP CLIMBS AT
TREMENDOUS SPEED
TO THE STRATOSPHERE

WOW!-- TWENTY-FIVE
THOUSAND FEET! NOW FOR
THE DIVE. O.K. BABY, LET'S
GO!!

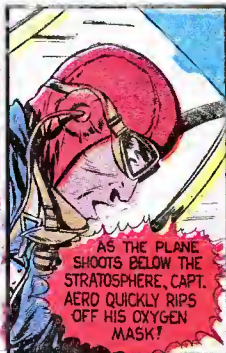


NOSING DOWN
SHARPLY, THE PLANE
SCREAMS EARTHWARD
IN A TERRIFIC
POWER DIVE!

DOWN THE P-60 PLUMMETS...THE WHINE OF THE MOTOR RISES TO A HIGH PITCHED SCREAM----



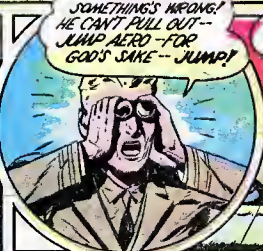
HOLY JUMPIN' CAT FISH--I'M DOING OVER 700 MILES PER HOUR--WHATTA' SHIP!



AS THE PLANE SHOOTS BELOW THE STRATOSPHERE, CAPT. AERO QUICKLY RIPS OFF HIS OXYGEN MASK!



SUDDENLY, HOT BLACK OIL STREAMS FROM THE DIVING PLANE----



SOMETHING'S WRONG! HE CAN'T PULL OUT-- JUMP AERO--FOR GOD'S SAKE-- JUMP!



QUICK! GET ROLLING-- HE'S GOING TO CRASH!!



COME ON, BABY, COME ON! GIVE ME SOME RUDDER--YOU CAN COME OUT OF THIS!--COME ON, I'M BETTING ON YOU! OH--OH--HERE SHE COMES--ATTA' BABY--AH-H-H-H!!

EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, CAPTAIN AERO HOLDS BACK ON THE STICK! THE GREAT SHIP RESPONDS AND ROARS OVER THE FIELD NOT 200 FEET FROM THE GROUND...



APPLYING HIS AIRBRAKES TO HIS SPEED, HE SWINGS DOWN TO A PERFECT LANDING



WOW! ---THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL ---!



THE AMAZED ARMY OFFICIALS DASH QUICKLY UP TO THE P-60

WELL, HERE'S YOUR PLANE, GENTLEMEN. I JUST ABOUT GOT HER DOWN. THE CONTROLS WERE JAMMED--THAT'S ALL!



SHE'S A GOOD SHIP MAJOR. I'M SURE THE ARMY WILL FIND HER A DANDY!

THAT WAS A GREAT PIECE OF FLYING, AERO. I WAS KIND OF WORRIED FOR A MOMENT OR TWO!



IT WAS JUST LUCK PULLING OUT OF THAT DIVE!-- HERE'S ALL THE DATA, MAJOR SHE WAS DOING TOO AN HOUR!



...AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, CAPT. AERO DRIVES AWAY FROM THE FIELD

WELL, I GUESS THAT WILL BE THE LAST SHIP I'LL TEST-HOP FOR ANWHILE. I'M LEAVING TONIGHT FOR HALIFAX. I'M GOING TO FERRY PLANES OVER TO ENGLAND!



SORRY TO SEE YOU GO, OLD MAN--WELL, GOOD LUCK. I KNOW AMERICA CAN DEPEND ON YOU--ENGLAND NEEDS THE BOMBERS AND WE MUST DO EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO SEE THAT SHE GETS THEM SAFELY!



...THAT NIGHT CAPTAIN AERO SPEEDS DOWN THE RUNWAY IN A NEW AMPHIBIAN--BOUND FOR CANADA ---AND ENGLAND

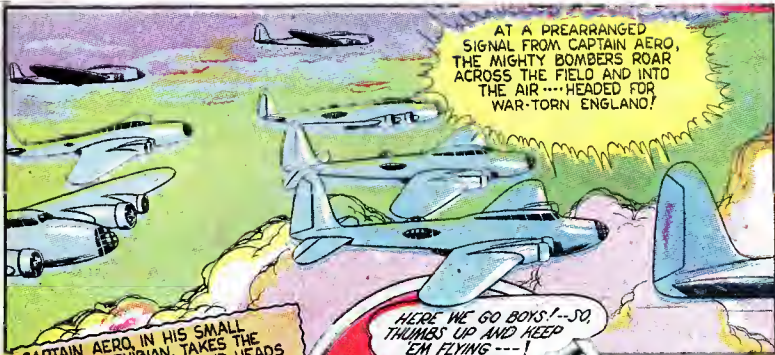


... TWO DAYS LATER AT THE HALIFAX AIRFIELD ---

WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF SIR. JUST SAY THE WORD!

GOOD, AERO. IF THINGS GO RIGHT, YOU'LL BE IN ENGLAND BY TEN TONIGHT. HAPPY LANDINGS!



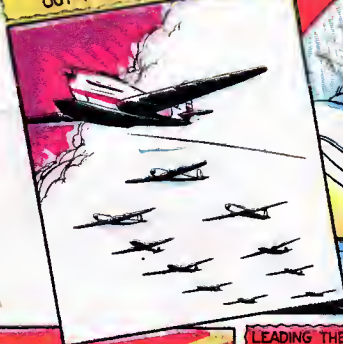


AT A PREARRANGED SIGNAL FROM CAPTAIN AERO, THE MIGHTY BOMBERS ROAR ACROSS THE FIELD AND INTO THE AIR ---- HEADED FOR WAR-TORN ENGLAND!

CAPTAIN AERO, IN HIS SMALL SPEEDY AMPHIBIAN, TAKES THE POSITION IN THE LEAD AND HEADS OUT TO SEA ----

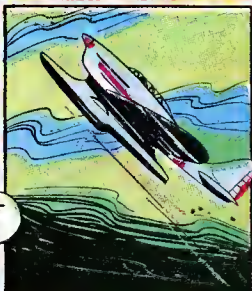
HERE WE GO BOYS! -- SO, THUMBS UP AND KEEP 'EM FLYING ----!

HOURS LATER FAR OUT AT SEA, A HEAVY FOG LOOMS AHEAD OF THE BOMBERS FOR BRITAIN

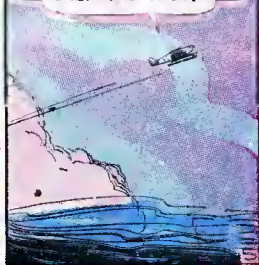


CLIMB FOR THE CEILING BOYS, WE'RE RUNNING INTO A FOG-BANK!

LEADING THE FLIGHT, CAPTAIN AERO ZOOMS UP INTO THE MIST.....



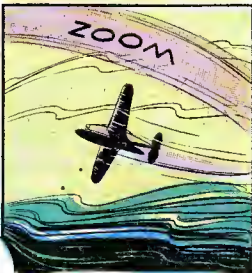
GOSH---THAT FOG WAS AS THICK AS PEA-SOUP!---- FUNNY IT SHOULD BE IN ONLY ONE SPOT!



HEY, WHAT THE? --- THE BOMBERS HAVEN'T PULLED OUT OF THAT FOG YET! WHERE ARE THEY?? --- SOMETHING'S WRONG!

DIVING BACK ----- INTO THE HEAVY MIST, HE SEARCHES FRANTICALLY FOR THE BIG BOMBERS ----

--- CUTTING HIS MOTOR, AERO GLIDES LOW, SKIMS OVER THE WATER, AND SETS THE SHIP DOWN IN THE HEAVY FOG ---



THIS IS THE STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD OF! A WHOLE SQUADRON OF BOMBERS DISAPPEAR IN A -- OH--OH-- WE HIT SOMETHING ---AND THIS FOG SMELLS FUNNY!

JEEPERS! YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR HAND IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE -- HEY, I'M ON A FLOATING ISLAND --- WOW! THIS DON'T MAKE SENSE!

YES, CAPTAIN, ONLY THE NAZIS WOULD THINK OF USING A CAMOUFLAGED ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN TO STOP SUPPLIES FROM REACHING ENGLAND! AND NOW, COME WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BOMBERS!

OH YEAH? IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT THOSE PLANES REACH ENGLAND! OUT OF MY WAY RATZ! BEFORE I GET MAD!

AH-- CAPTAIN AERO, I PRESUME --- WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

WHIA --- OH, NAZIS! I GET IT NOW!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT THOSE BOMBERS DOWN HERE, BUT I'M GOING TO GET THEM BACK WHERE THEY BELONG!

AFTER
KNOCKING
DOWN THE
NAZI
OFFICER,
CAPTAIN
AERO
DASHES
TOWARD
AN
IMMENSE
MOUND
BARELY
VISIBLE
IN THE
FOG!

WHAT TH! -- HERE
COMES SOME MORE
OF THEM!

GRAB HIM
MEN! -- DON'T
LET HIM GET
AWAY!

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT
YOU BOYS,
BUT I'M
IN A
HURRY!

I HOPE THAT FISTKRIEG HOLDS
THOSE MUGS FOR AWILE, SO I
CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED
TO MY MEN AND THE BOMBERS!

HEY!
CAPTAIN
AERO!

WHAT THE DEVIL HAPPENED?
-- HOW THE HECK DID
THEY GET YOU?!

WE WERE FORCED DOWN BY
SOME SORT OF A MAGNETIC
IMPULSE GENERATED FROM
THIS ISLAND! AS SOON AS WE
HIT THE FOG IT GOT US --
WE'RE LUCKY WE DIDN'T
CRACK-UP!

SO THAT'S THEIR TRICK! BOY,
THEY SURE ARE OUT TO STOP
THESE BOMBERS FROM REACHING
ENGLAND! I--OH-OH--HERE
THEY COME
AGAIN!

AS THE NAZIS RUSH UP,
CAPTAIN AERO LEAPS
INTO ONE OF THE TANKS
STANDING NEAR THE
CELLS!

I HOPE THIS
BUGGY IS IN
WORKING ORDER!

KICKING OVER
THE MOTOR,
HE
SWINGS IT AROUND
AND SENDS IT
CRASHING INTO
THE ON-COMING
NAZIS!

SUDDENLY CHANGING HIS DIRECTION, HE SMASHES THE SIDE OF THE TANK INTO THE BARS OF THE CELLS, THEN VEERS SHARPLY TO A GENERATOR HUMMING NEARBY

I HOPE THIS THING CONTROLS THE MAGNET!

C'MON MEN! WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE BOMBERS OFF THIS ISLAND!

OH, OH--HERE WE GO AGAIN--MORE NAZIS--C'MON SHOW THEM HOW THE YANKS FIGHT!

LIKE A HUMAN BATTERING RAM, THE AMERICAN FLIERS TEAR INTO THE STARTLED NAZI SOLDIERS!

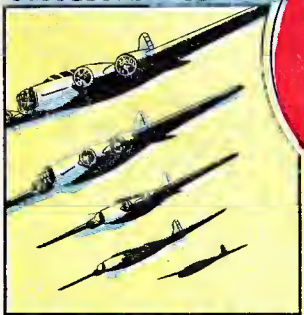
THAT'S THE STUFF, BOYS!--LOOK UP AHEAD--THERE'S OUR SHIPS!

ALLRIGHT--INTO YOUR PLANE'S AND LET'S GO! ENGLAND IS WAITING FOR US!

THE SMASHED GENERATOR NO LONGER DELIVERING CURRENT TO THE MAGNET, ENABLES THE BOMBERS NOW FREE FROM ITS EFFECTS TO AGAIN ROAR INTO THE AIR...

O.K. BOYS, HEAD DUE EAST--I'LL NOTIFY THE BRITISH NAVY TO HUNT UP AND DESTROY THAT FLOATING ISLAND

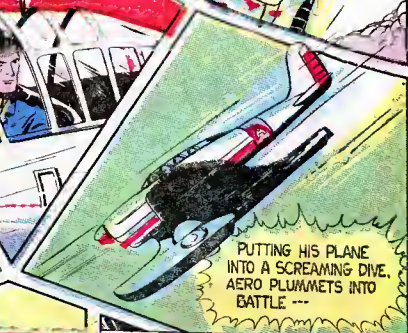
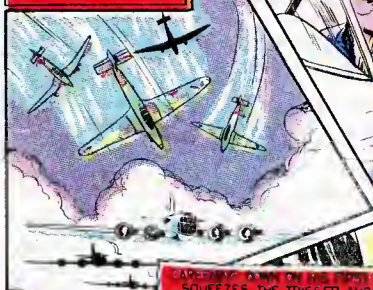
...BUT HIGH OVERHEAD, A SQUADRON OF NAZI STUKAS PEEL OFF AND DIVE AT THE UNSUSPECTING AND UNARMED BOMBERS...



STUKAS! AND THEY MEAN BUSINESS! WOW--HERE'S WHERE WE GET SOME ACTION! C'MON BABY, YOU'RE THE ONLY ARMED SHIP AND IT'S UP TO US!



WITH GUNS CHATTERING THE NAZIS DIVE AT THE GIANT BOMBERS ---



PUTTING HIS PLANE INTO A SCREAMING DIVE, AERO PLUMMETS INTO BATTLE ---

CAREENING DOWN ON HIS DESTINY HE SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER AND THE STUKA BURSTS INTO FLAMES ---



BANKING SHARPLY, HE BLASTS AWAY AT THE ATTACKERS / ONE BY ONE THEY DROP UNDER THE TERRIFIC HAMMERING AND SUPERIOR FLYING OF THE MASTER PILOT...



THAT'S ANOTHER ONE OUT OF THE FIGHT! BETTER TELL THOSE BOMBERS TO KEEP ROLLING!



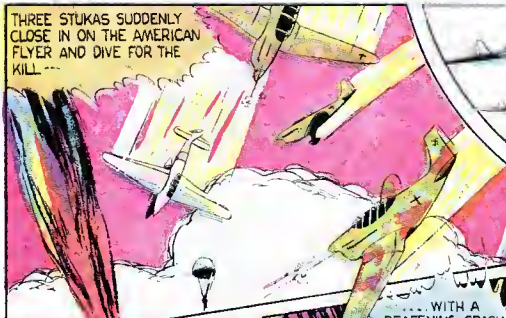
FULL SPEED AHEAD, BOYS-- KEEP YOUR FORMATION! I'LL HOLD THESE BABIES OFF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE ---!



...OBEYING CAPTAIN AERO'S ORDERS, THE FLYING FORTRESSES SWING INTO FLIGHT POSITION ---AND ROAR AWAY...



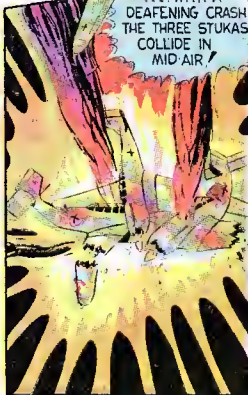
THREE STUKAS SUDDENLY CLOSE IN ON THE AMERICAN FLYER AND DIVE FOR THE KILL ---



BUT THE SWIFTNESS OF THE SLEEK AMPHIBIAN TAKES THE NAZI PILOTS BY SURPRISE, AND CAPT. AERO ZOOMS OUT OF THE TRAP



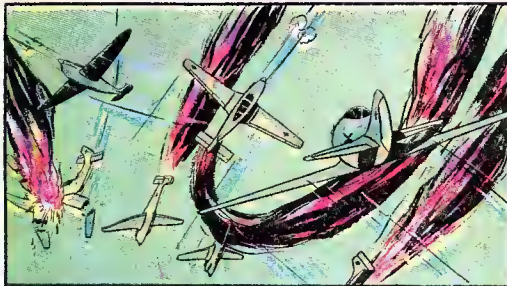
... WITH A DEAFENING CRASH THE THREE STUKAS COLLIDE IN MID-AIR!



NOT FAR AWAY, A FAST SQUAD OF ENGLISH "HURRICANES" AND A POWERFUL DESTROYER RESPOND TO AERO'S CALL FOR HELP ---



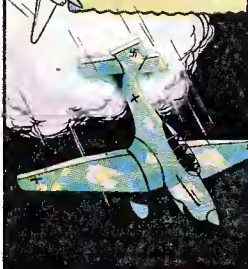
...AND A FEW MINUTES LATER DIVING OUT OF THE CLOUDS, THE BRITISH HURRICANES BLAST INTO THE FRAY! AS THEY SPREAD OUT FOR THE BATTLE, THE SKY BECOMES A TANGLE OF SCREAMING METAL BIRDS...



ACH, BRITISH! --I DID NOT EXPECT THIS!-- BREAK FORMATION! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!



....AS THE ENEMY COMMANDER DIVES BELOW THE CLOUDS, CAPT. AERO FOLLOWS CLOSE ON HIS TAIL...



LOOK AT HIM GO! RUNNING OUT ON HIS OWN MEN--- OH WELL, I CAN'T CHASE HIM ALL OVER THE SKY!!



... THE DESTROYER PULLS ALONG SIDE OF THE FLOATING ISLAND...

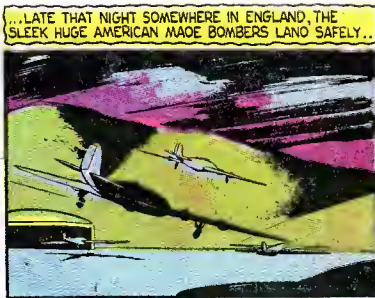


SWINGING QUICKLY INTO POSITION, THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN TO FIRE! UNDER A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT, THE METAL ISLAND REELS WILDLY AND SINKS...



WELL, I GUESS THAT FINISHES THAT BOMBER TRAP!-- NOW TO CATCH UP WITH MY FLIGHT ---





LATER THAT NIGHT AS CAPTAIN AERO WALKS OUT ONTO THE FIELD, A FIGURE LURKING IN THE SHADOWS OF A HANGAR SUDDENLY RUSHES UP BEHIND HIM ---



SENSING DANGER, HE NIMBLY LEAPS OUT OF THE PATH OF A CRUSHING BLOW

TURNING TO GRAPPLE WITH HIS ATTACKER, HE DRIVES HOME A PARALYZING RIGHT HOOK ---

--BUT HIS ASSAILANT QUICKLY DRAWS A GUN AND FIRES ---



AS THE NAZI FLIGHT COMMANDER WREAKS HIS VENGEANCE, CAPTAIN AERO SPRINGS ASIDE, BUT HE FEELS THE HOT STING OF THE BULLET AS IT GRAZES HIS SIDE



BEFORE HE CAN REGAIN HIS FEET, THE NAZI DASHES TO A SMALL BOMBER



HE'S GETTING AWAY! I CAN'T LET HIM DO THAT!

QUICKLY COMMANDEERING A SMALL FIGHTING PLANE, THE BLEEDING AERO STREAKS OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING NAZI



I WONDER WHAT THAT FOOL INTENDS TO DO! THAT PLANE IS LOADED WITH BOMBS!



SUDDENLY, THE NAZI'S VOICE YELLS THROUGH CAPT. AERO'S RADIO SPEAKER

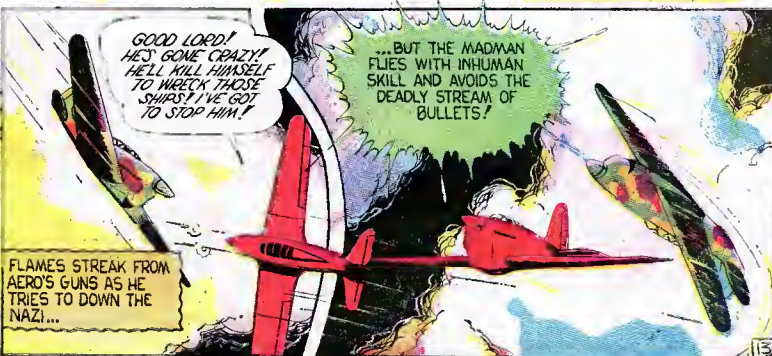
LISTEN, CAPTAIN AERO, THOSE BOMBERS MUST BE DESTROYED AT ANY COST! YOU TRICKED ME BEFORE. NOW I'M GOING TO DIVE THIS PLANE INTO THE HANGAR!



GOOD LORD! HE'S GONE CRAZY! HE'LL KILL HIMSELF TO WRECK THOSE SHIPS! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

...BUT THE MADMAN FLIES WITH INHUMAN SKILL AND AVOIDS THE DEADLY STREAM OF BULLETS!

FLAMES STREAK FROM AERO'S GUNS AS HE TRIES TO DOWN THE NAZI...



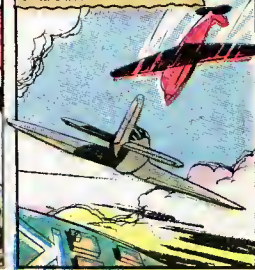
CLIMBING STEEPLY FOR ALTITUDE, HE BANKS SHARPLY AND DIVES STRAIGHT FOR THE HANGARS---



THERE HE GOES! HE'LL BLOW THOSE BOMBERS TO BITS!-- THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP HIM AND HERE GOES!



LOOPING SUDDENLY, CAPT. AERO OPENS HIS THROTTLE WIDE AND DIVES DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF THE SPEEDING PLANE



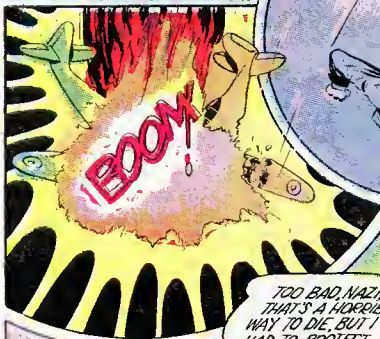
---BUT AFTER SETTING HIS CONTROLS, CAPTAIN AERO HAS LEAPED CLEAR OF HIS DOOMED SHIP---



--AND PARACHUTES SAFELY TO EARTH



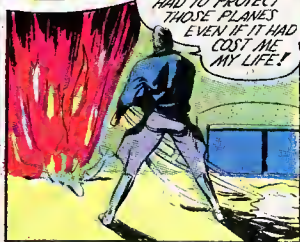
BEFORE THE NAZI CAN MOVE HIS CONTROLS, THE PLANES COLLIDE WITH A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION---



THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE SLEEK AMPHIBIAN FADES INTO THE DEEP GLOW OF THE SUNSET--CAPTAIN AERO WINGS HOMEWARD TOWARD AMERICA AND ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF BOMBERS FOR BRITAIN!

TOO BAD, NAZI THAT'S A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE, BUT I HAD TO PROTECT THOSE PLANES EVEN IF IT HAD COST ME MY LIFE!

QUICKLY REMOVING HIS CHUTE HARNESS, HE WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD THE FLAMING PLANES



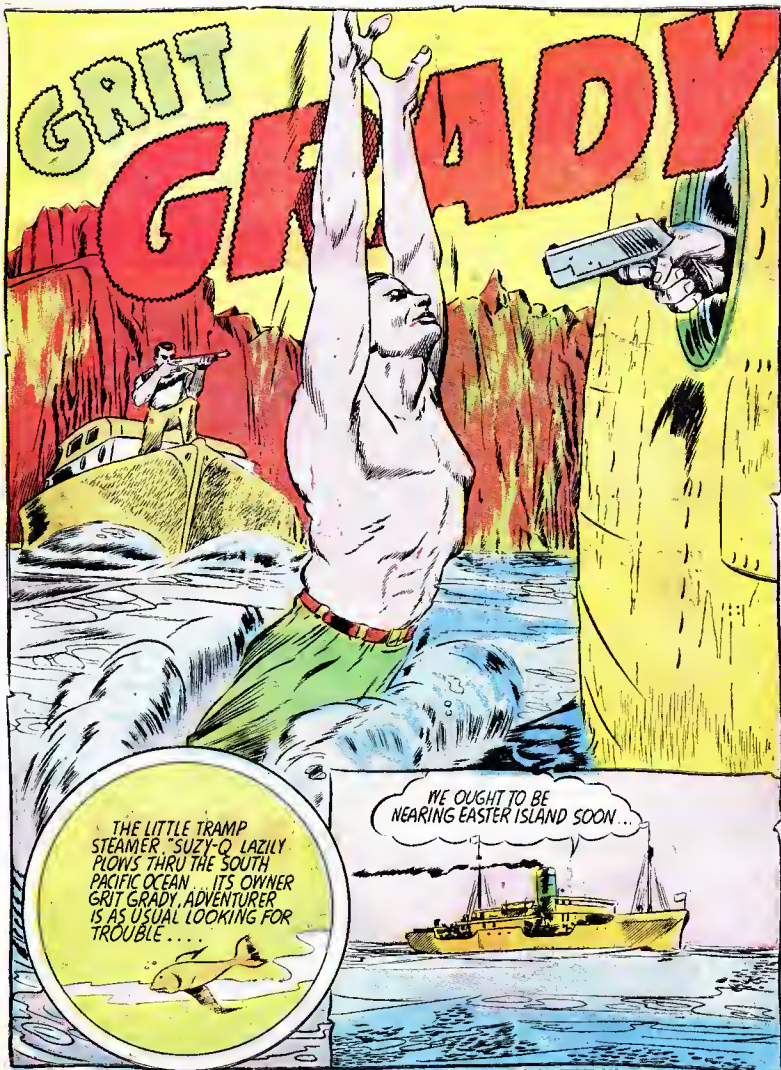
DON'T BE A DODO!

GET YOUR WINGS! JOIN UP! with

Captain AERO'S
'SKY-SCOUTS'

MORE INFORMATION ON BACK OF FRONT COVER!





GRIT GRADY

THE LITTLE TRAMP
STEAMER "SUZY-Q" LAZILY
PLOWS THRU THE SOUTH
PACIFIC OCEAN... ITS OWNER
GRIT GRADY, ADVENTURER
IS AS USUAL LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE....

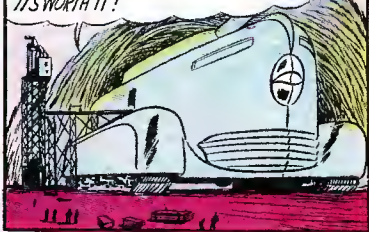
WE OUGHT TO BE
NEARING EASTER ISLAND SOON...



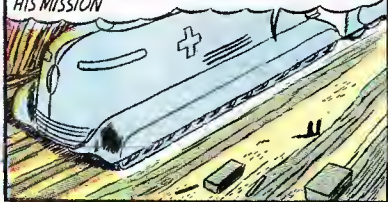
MEANWHILE
FEVERISH ACT-
IVITY IS
TAKING PLACE
IN A HUGE
UNDER GROUND
CAVE ON
EASTER ISLAND



HA! FOUR LONG YEARS IN THE BUILDING BUT
IT'S WORTH IT!



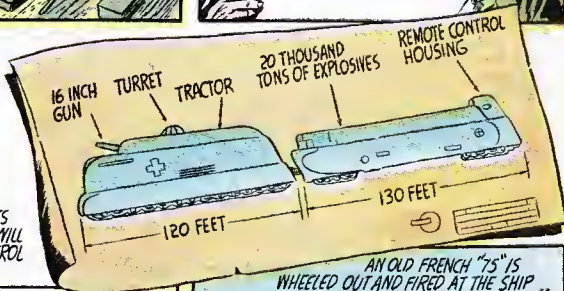
THIS STUPID ONE STILL PROFFESSES IGNORANCE ON HOW THE
HONORABLE HERR CAPTAIN PROPOSES TO PERFORM
HIS MISSION



ITS VERY SIMPLE MAJOR KATO, HERE, LETS LOOK AT
THIS DRAWING AGAIN ...



OUR PURPOSE IS
TO BLOW UP THE
PANAMA CANAL ...IT
WILL BE DONE BY
THIS UNDERSEA TRACTOR
WHICH WILL PULL A
FLAT CAR LOADED WITH
MUNITIONS TO THE VERY
CENTER OF THE CANAL.
AFTER THE TRACTOR EFFECTS
ITS ESCAPE, THE EXPLOSIVES WILL
BE SET OFF BY REMOTE CONTROL



CAPTAIN HOOD! A
STRANGE SHIP
APPROACHES!

WHAT? BLAST IT! GET OUT
THE OLD "75" ... I'LL FIX
THAT SNOOPER!!!

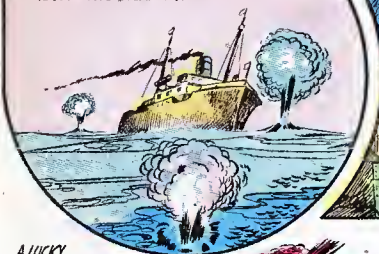


AN OLD FRENCH "75" IS
WHEELED OUT AND FIRED AT THE SHIP ..

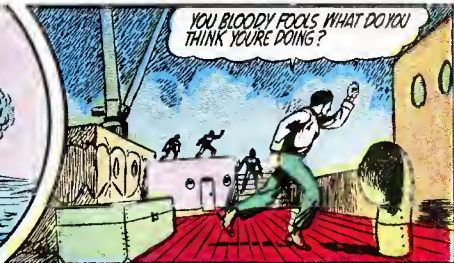
BANG!



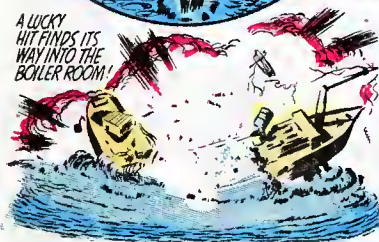
SHELLS BEGIN PLOPPING ALL
AROUND THE STEAMER!



YOU BLOODY FOOLS WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE DOING?

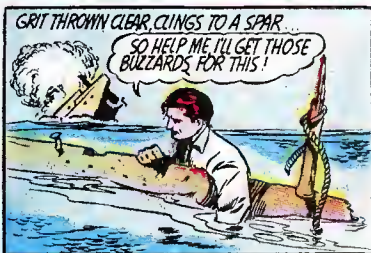


A LUCKY
HIT FINDS ITS
WAY INTO THE
BOILER ROOM!



GRIT THROWN CLEAR, CLINGS TO A SPAR

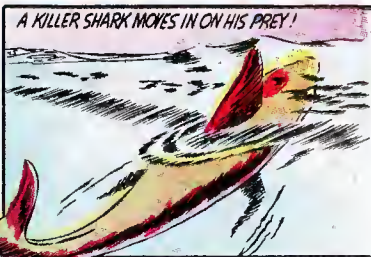
SO HELP ME I'LL GET THOSE
BUZZARDS FOR THIS!



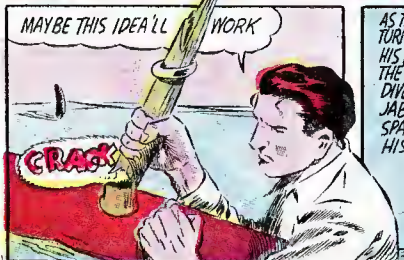
MMM... LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR ME... THAT'S NO
SARDINE HEADING
THIS WAY...



A KILLER SHARK MOVES IN ON HIS PREY!



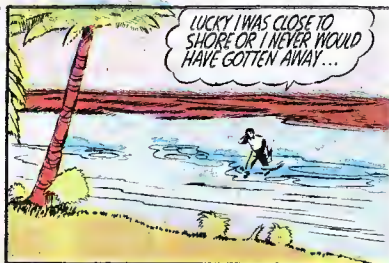
MAYBE THIS IDEA'LL WORK

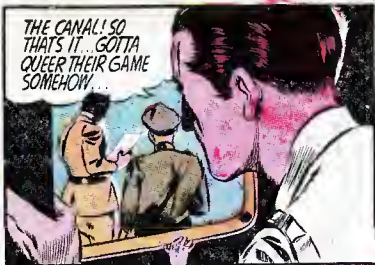
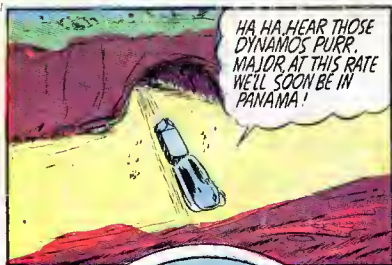


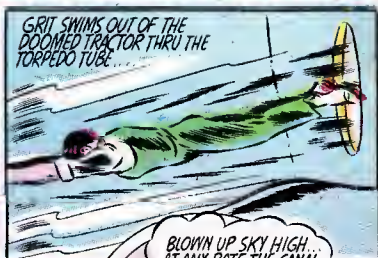
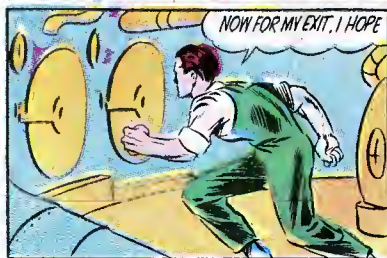
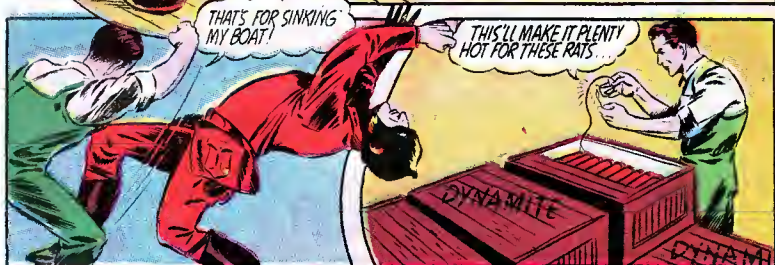
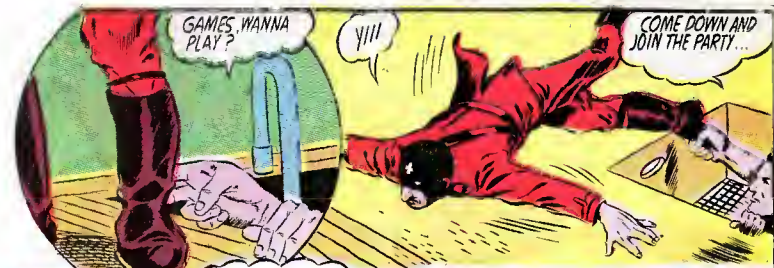
AS THE SHARK
TURNS OVER ON
HIS BACK FOR
THE KILL GRIT
DIVES AND
JABS THE
SPAR INTO
HIS EYE!



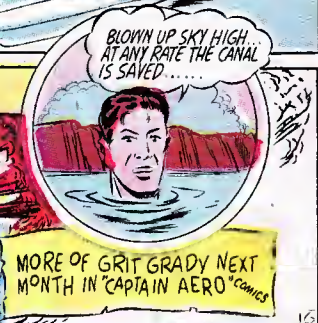
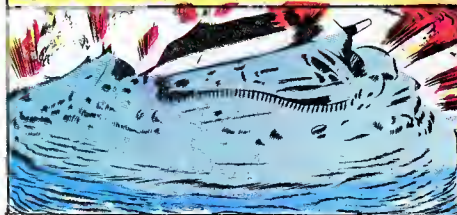
IT'S
EITHER
YOU OR ME







WHILE THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION HURLS THE TRACTOR OUT OF THE WATER !!!

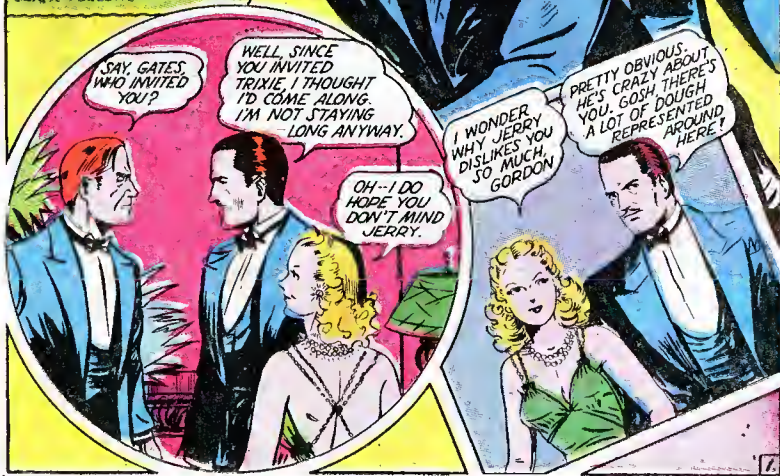


GORDON 'IRON' GATES

SOCIETY SLEUTH



AN ARDENT AND WEALTHY STUDENT OF SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION, GORDON GATES --- CALLED BY HIS FRIENDS 'IRON' GATES --- ALTHOUGH UNINVITED, ESCORTS TRIXIE PARKER, A DEBUTANTE, TO A PARTY GIVEN BY THE TOWN'S PLAYBOY, JERRY FELLOWS ---



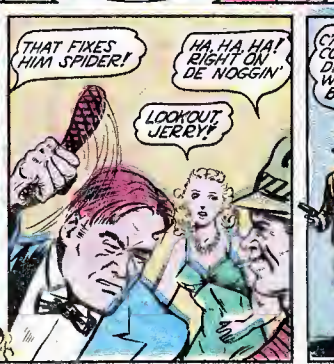
SAY, GATES,
WHO INVITED
YOU?

WELL, SINCE
YOU INVITED
TRIXIE, I THOUGHT
I'D COME ALONG.
I'M NOT STAYING
LONG ANYWAY.

OH--I DO
HOPE YOU
DON'T MIND
JERRY.

I WONDER
WHY JERRY
DISLIKES YOU
SO MUCH,
GORDON

PRETTY OBVIOUS.
HE'S CRAZY ABOUT
YOU. GOSH, THERE'S
A LOT OF DOUGH
REPRESENTED
HERE!



AN ELDERLY GUEST
RUSHES FORWARD!



MR. FERRIS!

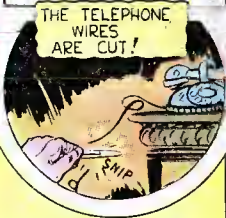
BANG!



THE WOUNDED MAN IS
BRUTALLY KICKED!



THE TELEPHONE
WIRES
ARE CUT!



OOH! YOU
MURDERERS--
LET ME DOWN!

KEEP
BACK!



LEAPING INTO A WAITING
SEDAN, THE THUGS SPEED
AWAY...



DID--DID
THEY GET
AWAY?

YES...THEY SHOT BILL
FERRIS AND KIDNAPPED
TRIXIE--YOU PROVED
YOURSELF TO BE
A BRAVE MAN, JERRY!



I'LL GET THOSE
RATS FOR THIS. IF
IT'S THE LAST
THING I DO, AND
IF THEY HARM
TRIXIE...

C'MON HEAD
CLEAR UP!



THAT NIGHT, A SHADOWY FIGURE
SILENTLY APPROACHES A SMALL
HOUSE ---



WHILE INSIDE :-

YA KNOW, I'M
GETTIN' TO
LIKE YOU,
KID

NO, NO, NO!
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

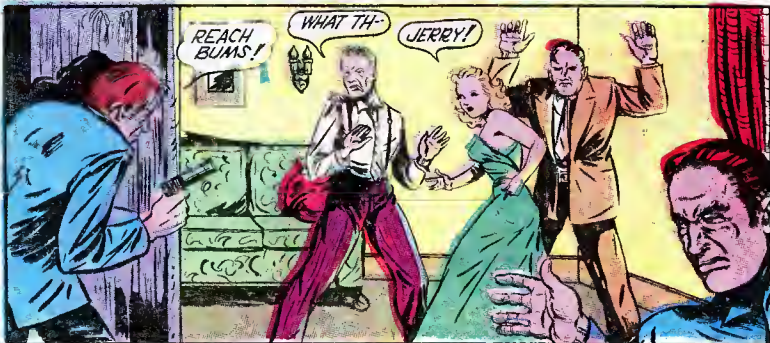
HA, HA!
GREAT
STUFF
SPIDER



REACH
BUMS!

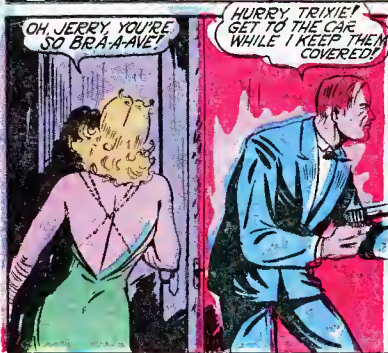
WHAT TH-

JERRY!



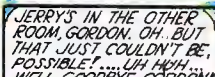
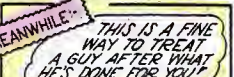
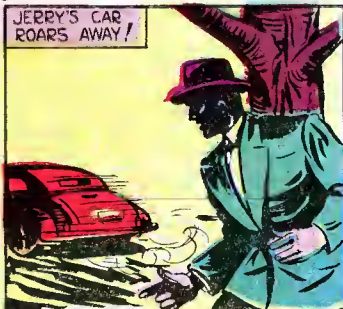
OH, JERRY, YOU'RE
SO BRA-A-VET!

HURRY TRIXIE!
GET TO THE CAR,
WHILE I KEEP THEM
COVERED!



JERRY
HURRY!







NOW YOU'RE
COMING ALONG
TO SEE YOUR
BOYFRIEND DIE

DROP THE
GUN, LUG.
OR WE'LL LET
THE GIL HAVE
IT!

GORDON!

OH, SO IT'S
JERRY THE
HERO,
MY, MY!



NOW YOU MUGS, DROP
THOSE GUNS OR I'LL
SQUEEZE HIM UNTIL HIS
BRAIN OZZES--C'MON
DROP 'EM!

UGH! DO AS HE
SAYS--HE'S KILLING
ME!

THE DEROGATORY REMARK
INFURIATES JERRY AND HE
RUSHES AT GATES--BUT



AS HE SWINGS, GATES GRABS
HIS ARMS
KEEP
TURNING!

OW!
HEY!



AND AS FOR YOU, SPIDER,
LET'S HAVE THE
LOWDOWN!

THE GUNMEN RELUCTANTLY
OBEY--THE GUNS CLATTER
TO THE FLOOR



YOU TAKE
THIS!

AW-GE-E-PUL-
PUL-EASE D--
DON'T HURIE
ME MISTER--
I DIDN'T MEAN
NUTHIN'--
HONEST!

I HEAR THE STATE WANTS YOU
FOR MURDER SPIDER. HERE'S
A PREVIEW OF THE HOT SEAT!

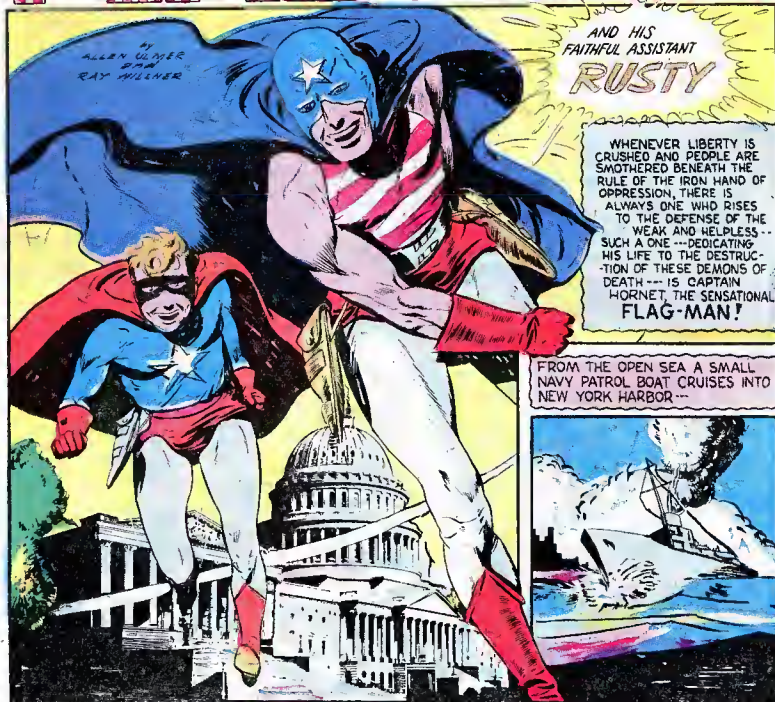


VERY SIMPLE. HE
INVITED THE RICHEST
FOLKS IN TOWN, SO THAT
HIS BOYS COULD MAKE A
GOOD HAUL. HE STAGED
HIS HEROICS TO THROW
OFF SUSPICION AND GET
HIMSELF IN GOOD WITH
YOU!

I KNEW THAT JERRY'S TYPE
ARE FAR FROM BEING BRAVE
OR NOBLE, SO I
INVESTIGATED.
--FINDING THE
LOOT IN HIS
SAFE PROVED
HIM TO BE
THE RAT
HE IS!

ANOTHER EXCITING
MYSTERY OF "IRON" GATES
The Society Slauth
in-CAPT. AERO

INTRODUCING *The* SENSATIONAL
THE PATRIOTIC
CHARACTER
FLAG-MAN



AND HIS
FAITHFUL ASSISTANT
RUSTY

WHENEVER LIBERTY IS
CRUSHED AND PEOPLE ARE
SMOTHERED BENEATH THE
RULE OF THE IRON HAND OF
OPPRESSION, THERE IS
ALWAYS ONE WHO RISES
TO THE DEFENSE OF THE
WEAK AND HELPLESS --
SUCH A ONE -- DEDICATING
HIS LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION
OF THESE DEMONS OF
DEATH -- IS CAPTAIN
HORNET, THE SENSATIONAL
FLAG-MAN!

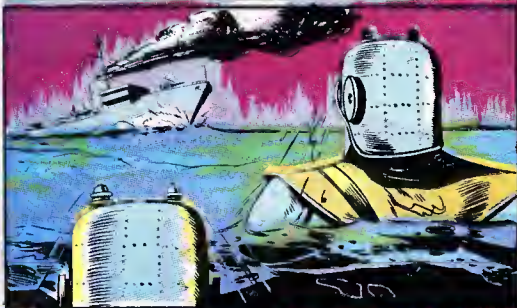
FROM THE OPEN SEA A SMALL
NAVY PATROL BOAT CRUISES INTO
NEW YORK HARBOR --



ABOARD THE PATROL BOAT, ONE OF THE OFFICERS SUDDENLY SHOUTS IN AMAZEMENT--

DIRECTLY AHEAD OF THEM, TWO IMMENSE ROBOTS RISE FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE BAY---

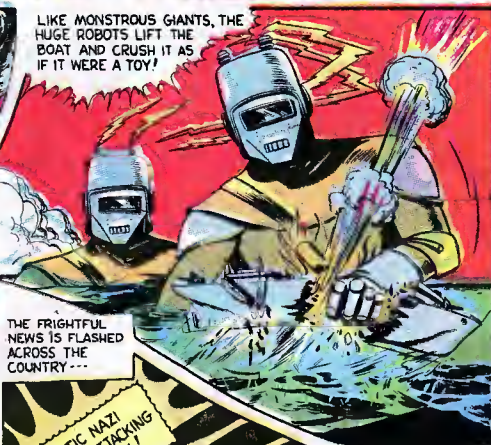
GOOD LORD! LOOK!
WHA --- WHAT
IS THAT?!!



YE GODS! THEY'RE
COMING TOWARD US!
QUICK!--
SEND AN
S.O.S.



LIKE MONSTROUS GIANTS, THE
HUGE ROBOTS LIFT THE
BOAT AND CRUSH IT AS
IF IT WERE A TOY!



THEN SLOWLY THEY TURN AND
LUMBERINGLY WALK TOWARDS
THE CITY!--

THE FRIGHTFUL
NEWS IS FLASHED
ACROSS THE
COUNTRY---

GIGANTIC NAZI
ROBOTS ATTACKING
NEW YORK!

AMERICA INVADED---

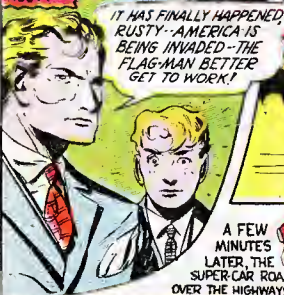
CHAOS
REPORTED

...IN WASHINGTON, THE
PRESIDENT ORDERS THE
ARMY AND NAVY INTO ACTION

AND AS MY SPECIAL INVESTI-
GATOR, CAPTAIN HORNET, I
WANT YOU TO GO
TO NEW YORK. FIND
ME AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE

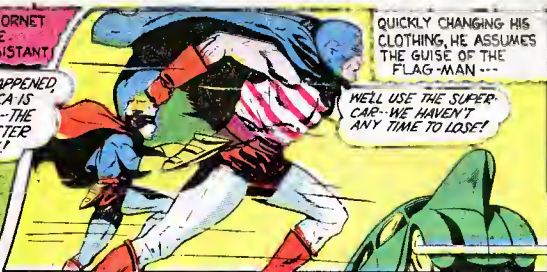


RECEIVING HIS ORDERS CAPT. HORNET
HURRIES FROM THE WHITE HOUSE
ACCOMPANIED BY HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT
RUSTY ---



IT HAS FINALLY HAPPENED,
RUSTY--AMERICA IS
BEING INVADED--THE
FLAG-MAN BETTER
GET TO WORK!

A FEW
MINUTES
LATER, THE
SUPER-CAR ROARS
OVER THE HIGHWAYS



QUICKLY CHANGING HIS
CLOTHING, HE ASSUMES
THE GUISE OF THE
FLAG-MAN ---

WE'LL USE THE SUPER-
CAR--WE HAVEN'T
ANY TIME TO LOSE!



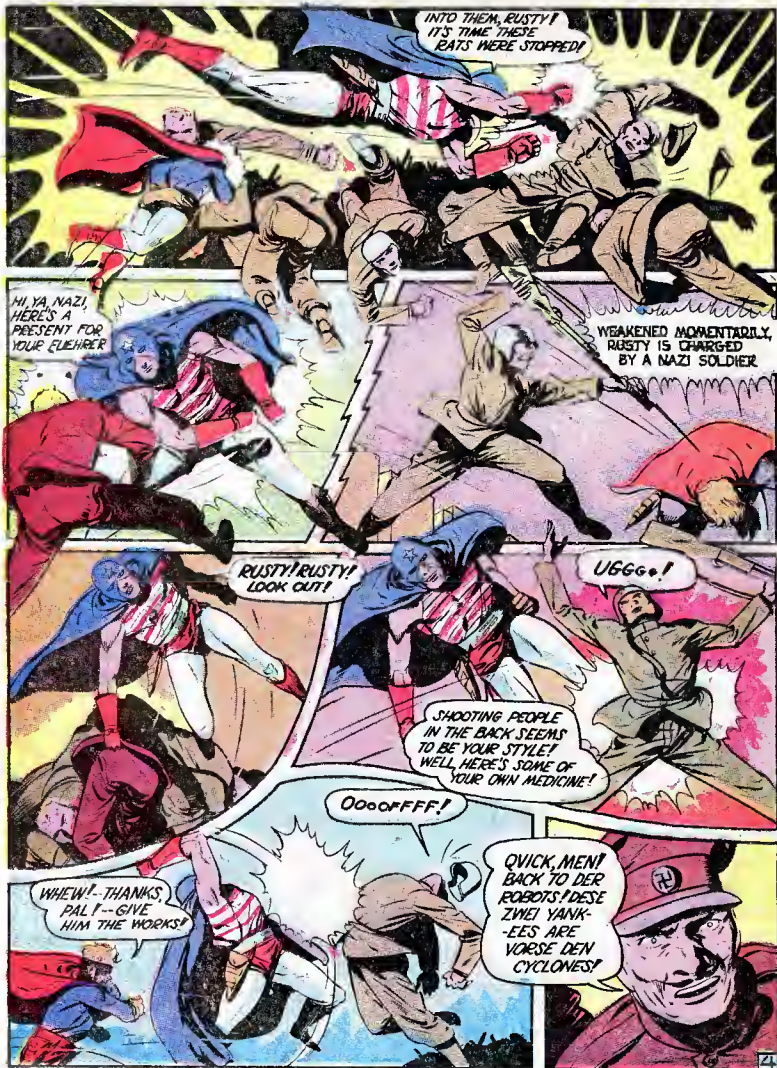
SUDDENLY, THE MAMMOTH ROBOTS
STOP AND FROM AN OPENING IN THEIR
BOOTS, NAZI SOLDIERS LEAP TO THE
GROUND ---!



ABANDONING THEIR GIANT
CREATIONS, THE NAZI
SOLDIERS PUSH ON
INTO THE CITY



AT THAT INSTANT,
RUSTY AND THE
FLAG-MAN
CHARGE UPON
THE SCENE!



INTO THEM, RUSTY!
IT'S TIME THESE
EATS WERE STOPPED!

HI, YA NAZI,
HERE'S A
PRESENT FOR
YOUR FLEHRER

WEAKENED MOMENTARILY,
RUSTY IS CHARGED
BY A NAZI SOLDIER

RUSTY! RUSTY!
LOOK OUT!

UGGGG!

SHOOTING PEOPLE
IN THE BACK SEEMS
TO BE YOUR STYLE!
WELL, HERE'S SOME OF
YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

OooooFFF!

WHEW!-- THANKS,
PAL!-- GIVE
HIM THE WORKS!

QUICK, MEN!
BACK TO DER
ROBOTS! DESE
ZWEI YANK-
EES ARE
VORSE DEN
CYCLONES!

QUICKLY CLIMBING BACK INTO THE ROBOT, THE NAZIS HEAD THE METAL MONSTER INTO THE SEA...



DESPERATELY SEARCHING AMONG THE WOUNDED NAZIS, THE FLAG-MAN IS UNABLE TO LOCATE HIS YOUNG FRIEND



HOLY SNAKES! RUSTY'S NOT HERE. HE MUST BE IN THAT ROBOT WITH THOSE NAZIS!

QUICK! DER CONTROL-- SEE VOT HAS HAPPENED!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE METAL SOLDIER---

HA! DOSE AMERICANS THINK DEY ARE SMART--IF DEY ONLY KNEW THE PLANS VE HAF TO DESTROY DEM!-- SEND VORD TO GERMANY DOT VE HAF BEEN SUCCESSFUL UND TELL DER FUEHRER DOT AMERICA CAN BE TAKEN!! VE MUST--?



VOT DER-- VE HAF HIT SOMETINK!



HIMMELS! IT IS DOT YOUNG YANKEE! SEIZE HIM!



WOOPS, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU MUGS SO SOON!

THE ANGERED NAZIS FURIOUSLY LEAP AT THE YOUNG STOWAWAY---



---BUT RUSTY DEXTEROUSLY WRIGGLES FROM BENEATH THE AVALANCHE OF BODIES---

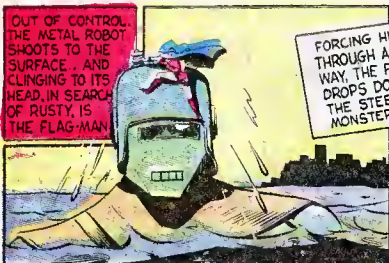


HA, HA, YOU BOYS DON'T MIND IF I GIVE YOU THE SLIP!

HERE'S A SAMPLE OF A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED SPANKING!



OUT OF CONTROL,
THE METAL ROBOT
SHOOTS TO THE
SURFACE... AND
CLINGING TO ITS
HEAD, IN SEARCH
OF RUSTY, IS
THE FLAG-MAN!



FORCING HIS WAY
THROUGH A HATCH-
WAY, THE FLAG-MAN
DROPS DOWN INTO
THE STEEL
MONSTER!!



...AND IN ANOTHER PART
OF THE GIGANTIC ROBOT,
RUSTY HOLDS OFF THE
NAZIS WITH A STEEL PIPE...

CLUNK!

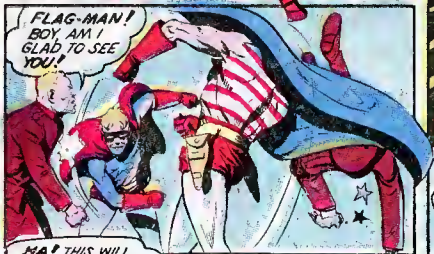


SUDDENLY, THE FLAG-MAN DASHES INTO THE
ROOM, SHOUTING HIS BATTLE-CRY

WAAAA-HOOO!!
SAVE A FEW FOR
ME, RUSTY!



FLAG-MAN!
BOY, AM I
GLAD TO SEE
YOU!



HA! THIS WILL
HOLD THESE MUGS!
C'MON RUSTY, WE'LL
NOTIFY THE NAVY
TO PICK
THEM UP!



THE TWO PATRIOTIC
CRIME FIGHTERS
DASH ACROSS THE
ROOM, BUT SUDDEN-
LY THE FLOOR
GIVES WAY AND
THEY PLUNGE
BELOW.....

HEY!!

WHAT
TH--!!



...INTO
A HUGE
STEEL
CELL IN
A ROOM
BELOW...

NOW, WHAT'LL
WE DO, RAT?
IT LOOKS LIKE
THEY'VE BAGGED
US!

I DON'T KNOW
RUSTY, BUT THESE
BARS-- OH, OH,
HERE COMES
CAPT. RAT!

IGNORE HIM, RUSTY,
WE'RE NOT ON
SPEAKING TERMS!

HA! SO DER YANKEES
ARE AT LAST TRAPPED!
VELL, NOW DOT YOU ARE
OUT OF DER VAY, I SHALL
TELL YOU MY PLANS!

IN A FEW MINUTES, HALF OF DER
AMERICAN NAVY VILL COME STEARNING
INTO DIS HARBOR AFTER US. HA!
BUT DEY VILL BE BLOWN SKY HIGH
BY A NET OF MINES, STRETCHED BY US
ACROSS DA MOUTH OF DER BAY
QUITE CLEVER, EH FLAG-MAN?
JUST THINK, HALF
OF YOUR NAVY
BLOWN
TO BITS!

WOW!

THUD!

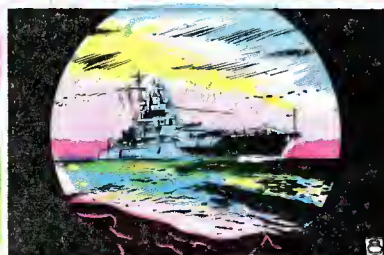
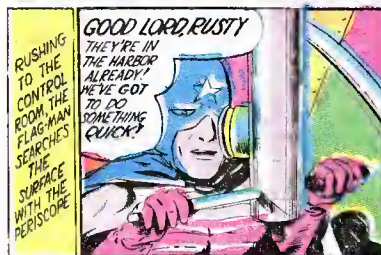
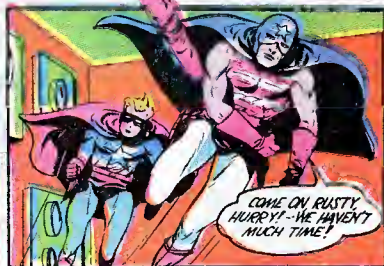
UGH!

OH, YEAH!
THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!

WITH SUPER
HUMAN
STRENGTH,
THE
FLAG-MAN
FORCES THE
STEEL BARS
APART!

OH, OH, RUSTY,
HERE COMES
THE REST OF
THE OUTFIT--
LET'S SHOW 'EM
A REAL FIGHT!

CLUNK





IN A FEW MORE MINUTES, OUR BATTLESHIPS WILL BE BLOWN SKY HIGH! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THEM!

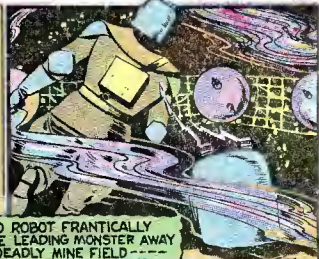


I'M GOING TO DERE THIS MONSTER INTO THAT CONTACT MINE, BUT FIRST YOU'D BETTER GET OUT THROUGH THE ESCAPE HATCH-- I'LL FOLLOW AS SOON AS POSSIBLE-- NOW GET GOING, RUSTY, AND GOOD LUCK!



I HATED TO FOOL RUSTY BUT I CAN'T LEAVE THE CONTROLS UNTIL THIS ROBOT STRIKES THE MINES! WELL, HERE GOES-- I HOPE THE KID GOT OUT SAFELY

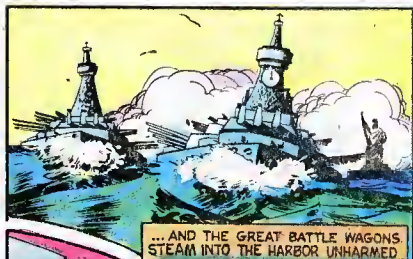
WITH THE FLAG-MAN AT THE CONTROLS, THE GIANT SOLDIER MOVES SLOWLY TOWARDS THE MINES!



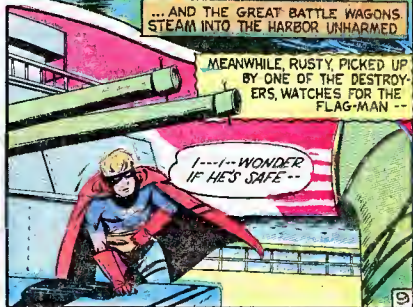
THE SECOND ROBOT FRANTICALLY SIGNALS THE LEADING MONSTER AWAY FROM THE DEADLY MINE FIELD---



AS THE METAL MONSTER STRIKES THE MINES, THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, AND THE INVADING ROBOTS ARE BLOWN TO BITS!...



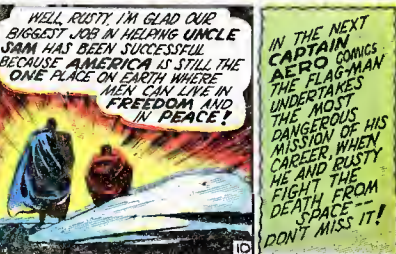
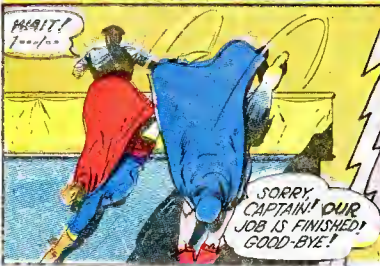
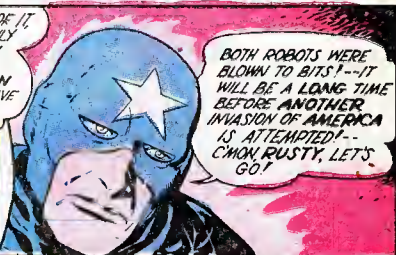
... AND THE GREAT BATTLE WAGONS, STEAM INTO THE HARBOR UNHARMED



MEANWHILE, RUSTY, PICKED UP BY ONE OF THE DESTROYERS, WATCHES FOR THE FLAG-MAN --

I---I--WONDER IF HE'S SAFE--

SUDDENLY,
RUSTY IS
HARTLED
BY A
FAMILIAR
VOICE--



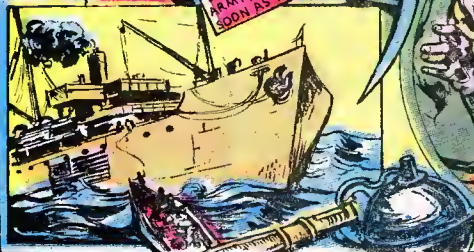
CAPTAIN HALYARD

DETECTIVE
OF THE SEA.
CAPTAIN HALYARD
IS SELECTED BY F.B.I.
TO BLOCK HIJACKING
OF MUNITION CARGOES
BEING SHIPPED
TO CHINA

WALLOWING OFF SHORE IN
FRISCO BAY, A HUGE FREIGHTER
CARRYING A CARGO OF MUNITIONS
DESTINED FOR THE CHINESE
ARMY, IS ALL SET TO SAIL AS
SOON AS HER CREW RETURNS

OUTA MY
WAY, BUMS!
LET A REAL
SAILOR BY!

A DRUNK AND BELLIGERENT SAILOR
JOSTLES SEVERAL MEMBERS OF
THE FREIGHTER'S CREW....



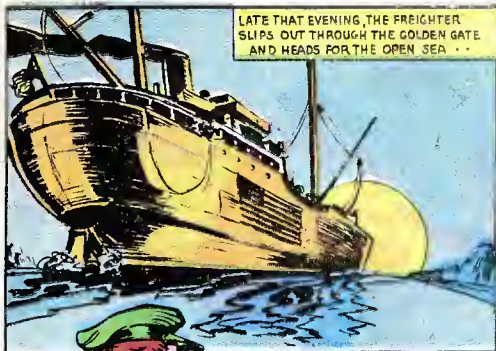


AS THE DRUNKEN SAILOR SWINGS AT THE GROUP, ONE OF THEM SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIM AND - - -



THE UNCONSCIOUS DRUNK IS QUICKLY DROPPED INTO A SMALL DORY AND IS TAKEN TO THE FREIGHTER





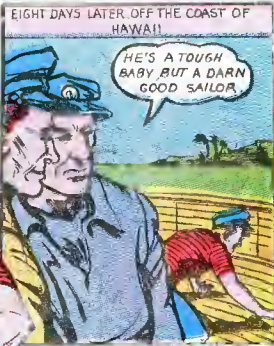
LATE THAT EVENING, THE FREIGHTER
SLIPS OUT THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE
AND HEADS FOR THE OPEN SEA . .



COME ON, BUM GET
UP AND GET BUSY!



WHAT THE --
OH -- O.K., O.K.



EIGHT DAYS LATER, OFF THE COAST OF
HAWAII

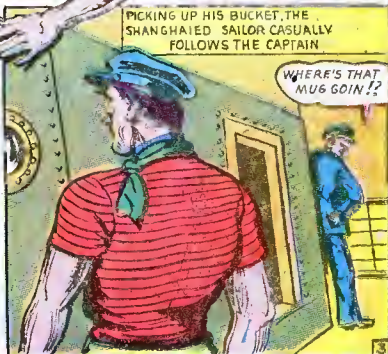
HE'S A TOUGH
BABY BUT A DAMN
GOOD SAILOR



STROLLING AFT, THE CAPTAIN
STOPS AT THE RADIO ROOM.

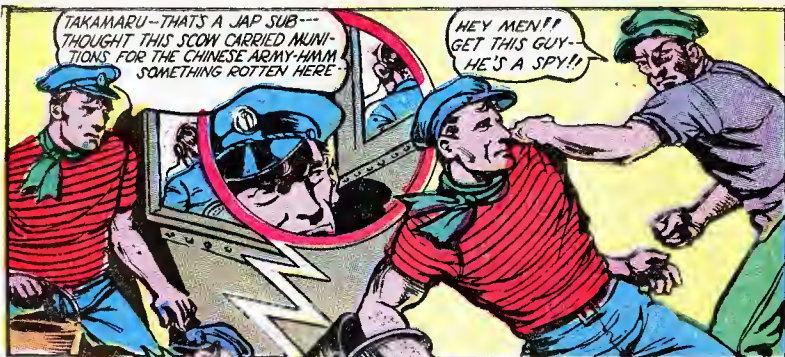
ALL RIGHT, SPARKS, MAKE
CONTACT AND HAVE THEM
COME LONGSIDE AT EIGHT
BELLS ON THE DOG WATCH

4 A.M.
AYE, SIR



PICKING UP HIS BUCKET, THE
SHANGHAIED SAILOR CASUALLY
FOLLOWS THE CAPTAIN

WHERE'S THAT
MUG GOIN'!?



HOLY GEE--HERE IS A
GUN--OHI BOY!--I CAN
USE THAT TOO--NOW
TO FIND THAT KEY!



BETTER HURRY
BEFORE BAD
MATE WAKES



GOSH! THANKS
PANG--YOU'RE
A GOOD BOY!

ME ALSAME GET
YOU OUT OF THIS
QUEEK!



WELL, A GUY--THIS
IS WORTH IT'S WEIGHT
IN GOLD--WE'RE
GOING PLACES--FIRST
TO THE RADIO ROOM--



CAUTIOUSLY, THE SHANGHAIED
SAILOR AND PANG MAKE THEIR
WAY TO THE RADIO ROOM

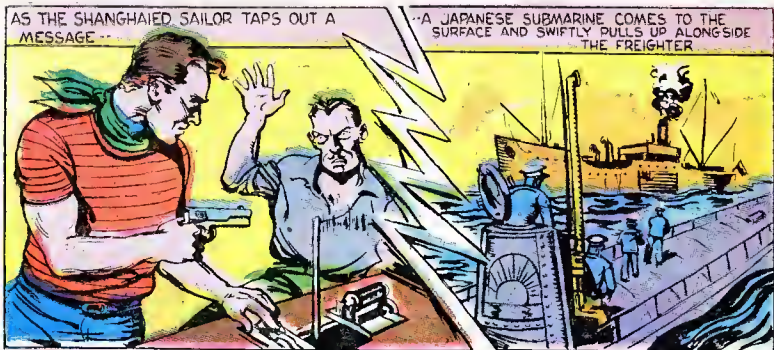


UP WITH 'EM
HIGH FREQUENCY--
I'M SENDING A
LITTLE PERSONAL
MESSAGE--MOVE!



AS THE SHANGHAIED SAILOR TAPS OUT A MESSAGE --

--A JAPANESE SUBMARINE COMES TO THE SURFACE AND SWIFTLY PULLS UP ALONGSIDE THE FREIGHTER



HELLO, SKIPPER, WE ARE READY TO PICK UP YOUR CARGO.

SHE'S ALL READY AND WAITING!



BY THE WAY, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE CODE MESSAGE YOU JUST SENT OUT?



CODE MESSAGE!? I DIDN'T SEND OUT ANY CODE MESSAGE! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG IN THE RADIO ROOM -- COME ON!



HELLO, CAPTAIN -- S.O.S. MUNITION FREIGHTER LAT. 28° LONG. 165° -- SIR -- SIGNED -- CAPTAIN HALYARD --

IT'S CAPT. HALYARD. HE'S THAT MARITIME INVESTIGATOR -- FULL SPEED AHEAD!



AYE, AYE, SIR!

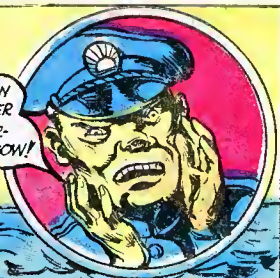
IN THE RADIO ROOM, CAPTAIN HALYARD BATTLES FURIOUSLY, HOPING HIS MESSAGE HAS BEEN INTERCEPTED --



THE AMERICAN DESTROYER CLEAVES THROUGH
THE WATER---UNDER FORCED DRAFT--AND
SOON SIGHTS THE FREIGHTER



AMERICAN
DESTROYER
OFF STAR-
BOARD BOW!



THE JAPANESE COMMANDER
EXCITEDLY ORDERS HIS MEN TO
TAKE TO THE SUB---



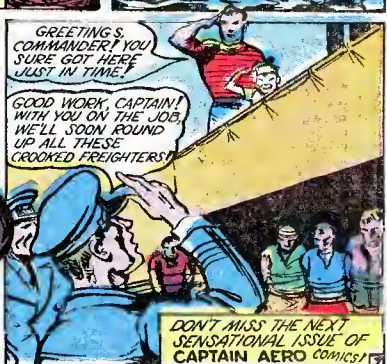
---- THE
SUBMARINE
SUBMERGES
JUST AS THE
DESTROYER
PULLS INTO
VIEW!

SAILORS FROM THE DESTROYER SWIFTLY BOARD
THE FREIGHTER AND QUICKLY GET EVERY-
THING UNDER CONTROL

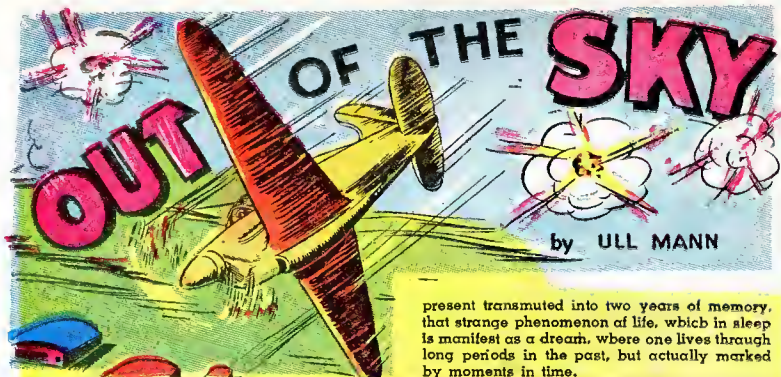


GREETING'S,
COMMANDER! YOU
SURE GOT HERE
JUST IN TIME!

GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN!
WITH YOU ON THE JOB,
WE'LL SOON ROUND
UP ALL THESE
CROOKED FREIGHTERS!



DON'T MISS THE NEXT
SENSATIONAL ISSUE OF
CAPTAIN AERO COMICS!



by ULL MANN

They came out of the sky in a wicked dive with guns blazing, all six of them, a British plane the target.

"Let 'em come. We'll show them something in flying. We can outclimb them and take them on the turn, one by one."

"Why not turn back, outfly them, and avoid all risks?"

"Hell! There are a thousand things we can do, but turn back is not one of them. We are going to do our duty—engage them, fight her through to destination or destruction."

The words and the tone of their delivery reflected his history, the product of things lived and suffered, and Captain Aero had suffered; suffered in his soul, suffered the blight of misunderstanding; the charge of being a spineless flyer when confronted with the threat of emergency, where is needed that matchless thing: smooth flowing instinct and the cast iron fibre of nerves merged to the work.

"Dump those bombs! We'll show 'em flying; let 'em see what they put into these British boats, and how a Yank makes use of them."

Six Heinkels against a lone flyer is a nerve test under any condition of battle. This mad dive with Captain Aero in the center seemed to promise but one end. With the swift maneuvers he was making, his arms were stiffened as a brace against the wheel, he suddenly released one hand to warn the gunner by gesture of what he was about to do, pointing to his wide open mouth and the bend of his body, relaxed to take the spine crushing impact that would follow. The gunner pointed to a bullet hole in the window and the radiating cracks. Captain Aero pointed to the cloud bank not more than a minute or two ahead and the next moment hauled the wheel to his body.

The gunner seemed snatched back by his safety belt, whilst he was caught the down thrust with his arms on the controls. Everything went black as the blood was sucked from his brain by the centrifugal force of the sudden vertical climb, at full throttle, and he was out cold, living again the hedge-bopping days of the Northwoods. Five seconds of the unconscious

present transmuted into two years of memory, that strange phenomenon of life, which in sleep is manifest as a dream, where one lives through long periods in the past, but actually marked by moments in time.

Captain Aero, dead to the present, was physically climbing the skies over Germany, but mentally transported thousands of mile distant, back again into the torment of a failing motor and his first crack-up in the barren wastes of the Arctic. Minor damage, but wounded pride, a forced landing executed with the skill of a veteran, and two days single-banded patch up, before he was back in the air.

Pride made such stabs at his record abhorrent to him, nor did he relish the comment of the management, answering his suggestion that the dangers of the territory merited better planes—proven, when six months later he lost a wing, lost his job, but managed to pancake his plane to a landing, coming out of a dense fog at Nome. Alaska Transport had to justify its action, so they labeled him nerve-shot. His future in the game literally flung out the window with this friendly notice to the world, as he found when applying for a pilot's job with other companies. Thumbs down everywhere.

In the very nature of things, character sustains itself. Captain Aero's skill and capacity were better understood in the bleak waste of the North. In this country, where life is a succession of nerve tests and men are men, he was classed as high calibre, and the news of the action taken by Alaska Transport in discharging him with the label of shot nerves was deeply resented. This resentment soon took form in a clamor for a competitive line with Captain Aero at the wheel.

One must have lived in these far away spots with its touch of the primitive—somewhat detached from the mad drive of civilization—to understand this resentment. Here a man is recognized for his contribution to the life of the community, rather than for what he extracts from it. And Captain Aero had rendered great service in all manner of weather. Out of this spirit was born Alaska Airways, Inc., by community subscription.

North of the sixties from Whitehorse, Dawson, Fairbanks, and Nome there was an instinctive understanding of what Captain Aero must have suffered in the injustice done him by Alaska

Transport, for only they could measure the nerve test offered the airways in every mile of its black stretches. The maintenance of scheduled flights in this country demands nerve, knowledge, skill, (both flying and mechanical), and a resourcefulness possessed by few pilots. Never in two years had he failed to bring his ship through, and Alaska now rushed to serve him in his hour of need.

Alaskan Airways, Inc., Alaskan-owned, took the major part of the business in its territory. Flying the latest model Douglas Commercial Transport, Captain Aero was doing a good job and the old bitterness of wounded pride was lost in the growing responsibilities of his new job. His first season was marked by unusual weather. Nature seemed to have sensed his mood—a deep yearning to fling the answer to his old boss—for she fairly gathered up her forces and poured upon Alaska her might and fury in snowfall and storm. "Old Timers" opined they had never seen worse.

Three hours out of Dawson, late in the Fall, Captain Aero picked up a signal—at first unintelligible, but which later he identified as an emergency call from Jim Scott, pilot of Alaska Transport. Then in a hurried talk with the radio operator at Fort Nelson, he learned that the Alaska Transport plane, one hour out of Edmonton, had reported trouble and was trying for a landing. He knew this district and the one spot Scott would try to make. A plane was in trouble, a pilot's life was at stake. Captain Aero's better self rose to the call. He prayed that his hunch would not fail him as he fought off the bitterness of the injustice done him by Alaska Transport.

Jim Scott, though badly injured in the crack-up of his plane, managed to crawl to safety and out of the flames that spread rapidly to standing timber and which the wind with its northward sweep of sleet and snow fanned into a roaring furnace. Tragedy was in the air. Back at Edmonton the radio operator's repeated calls met with silence.

As Captain Aero flew South, his spirits rose. He had no trouble picking up landmarks, stretches of swamp, Eric Swanson's hut, Bugs River, Browning's Lake and Mount Scoper. About 150 miles southeast of Ft. Nelson, when lifting his plane to three thousand feet to avoid what he thought was a cloud, he smelled smoke and now knew that Scott had crashed in flames which were devouring the forest. Then lifting to ten, fifteen, twenty thousand feet, his eyes caught the unscorched south line of forest and he knew that somewhere in the fifty miles that lay between he would find what was left of the plane. Then suddenly came the coughing and sputtering of his engine in the climb, and with the need of oxygen, the mental fade-out.

Consciousness returned . . . but strangely in reverse. He heard the labored grind of the

engine after relieving the pressure on his ear drums by swallowing, then the realization that he had been dead to the world. But where, what and why of the cloud just ahead? He was still fighting the smoke of the fantasy of his past when, glancing back, came the confused impression that the still unconscious gunner was old Jim Scott whom he had managed to rescue from the raging flames, as they swept into the shielding embrace of the protective cloud. With the first touch of its icy crystals he seized the propeller pitch lever. The engine left off coughing and then came full consciousness . . . the engine stalled. Somewhere six Heinkels were waiting. He called to the gunner as he shoved the wheel forward to pick up flying speed in an effort to avoid a tailspin.

Pulling out of the dive, the horizon marker began a puzzling dance, but he was calm and gaining control. They had flying speed. The gunner came to life. The enemy planes were circling below as he dived for them at full throttle, catching the black outline of one. He hoped the gunner would take him for one of their own when he reached their level. Now the ship was above them. Hauling the wheel back and with the Heinkel framed in his ring sight, he pressed the button of the electric guns and felt the jar of the recoil. A great red flare told him of the coming crash of a Heinkel. Circling back, he came on the tail of another now centered in his sights and tripped the nose gun trigger for a second score.

Captain Aero was climbing and wheeling for another dive when a bullet struck him. Things looked desperate as he dived for the lead ship and blasted with all he could offer and saw it slip from the sky, out of control. Again he climbed and wheeling for a dive was amazed to find the others had given up the flight and were fast fading in the distance. He could have followed and perhaps overtaken them, but decided upon a landing. He got down all right but had to be lifted from the cock-pit. In the hospital, Captain Aero finished recounting the story of his fade-out and his fantastic travel back to his past, and how he rescued Jim Scott and induced him to join Alaskan Airways, Inc., with its modern ship, to relieve him for service with the R.A.F.



TROOPER 'PAT' CORRIGAN *of the* STATE POLICE

THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES OF FARMS, MOUNTAINS AND INDUSTRIAL CENTERS ARE LEFT IN THE CARE OF A HANDFUL OF GREY-CLAD STATE TROOPERS, DILIGENTLY PATROLLING THE HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS-- THEY ARE THE GUARDIANS OF THE LIVES OF MILLIONS OF RURAL NEW YORKERS



EASY JOE, WE CAN'T MISS THIS. THAT SLEEPING BEAUTY IS WORTH HALF A MILLION!

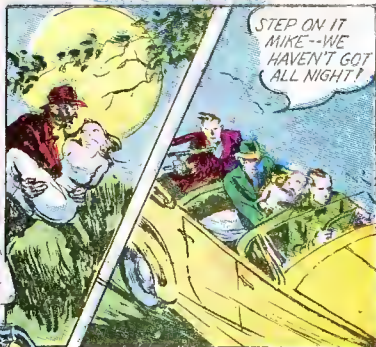
AS THE THUGS OVERPOWER
THEIR STARTLED VICTIM,
A FALLING TELEPHONE
GOES UNNOTICED---

HELP!



BUT AN ALERT
OPERATOR HEARS
BETTY'S SCREAMS
AND IMMEDIATELY
NOTIFIES THE
STATE POLICE---

IS HOLLOW DRIVE?
RIGHT! -- BE
THERE
RIGHT
AWAY!



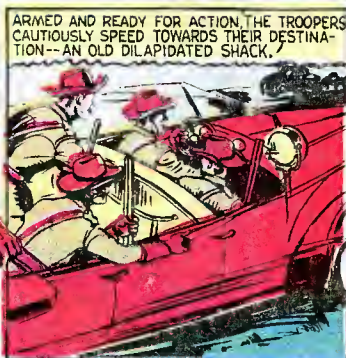
STEP ON IT
MIKE--WE
HAVEN'T GOT
ALL NIGHT!

INSIDE, TOOTS,
YOU'VE GOT
SOME LETTER
WRITING TO
DO!

Dear Dad,
Please have
\$150,000 ready by
tomorrow night -
Don't notify Love,
Betty
P.S.

C'MON BOYS, LET'S
GET GOING!

LISTEN, BABY, IF DAT OLE MAN
OF YOURS HASN'T GOT THE
DOUGH BY TO-MORROW NIGHT,
WE'RE SENDING YOU BACK--
YEH--PIECE BY
PIECE!





THIS CHIN WIPER SHOULD DUST YOU OFF!

USING EVERY FIBRE OF ENERGY, THE TROOPERS SMASH DOWN THE DOOR, BUT THE ENSUING BATTLE WITH THE THUGS, FOILS THE RESCUE OF BETTY AS HER ABDUCTORS SPIRIT HER OUT A WINDOW!



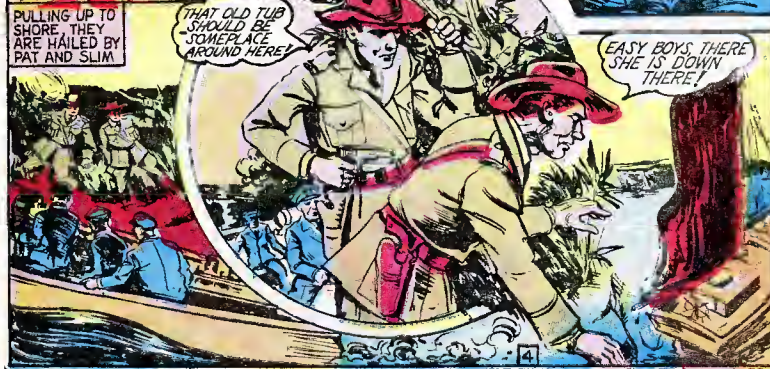
MEANWHILE, A PATROL BOAT SPEEDS DOWN THE RIVER!



THEY TWO TAKE THE PRISONERS TO HEAD-QUARTERS

COME ON, THE REST OF US HAVE GOTTA FIND THAT GIRL!

SAY, MAC, LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE TRYING TO SIGNAL US!



PULLING UP TO SHORE, THEY ARE HAILED BY PAT AND SLIM

THAT OLD TUB SHOULD BE SOMEPLACE AROUND HERE!

EASY BOYS THERE SHE IS DOWN THERE!

QUICKLY CLIMBING ABOARD
THE TROOPERS RUSH TO
ATTACK THE FUGITIVES

YOU FELLOWS CARRY
ON FROM HERE--I'M
GOING BELOW!

SCRAM, COPPER,
OR I'LL CARVE
A PIECE OFF
THIS CANARY!

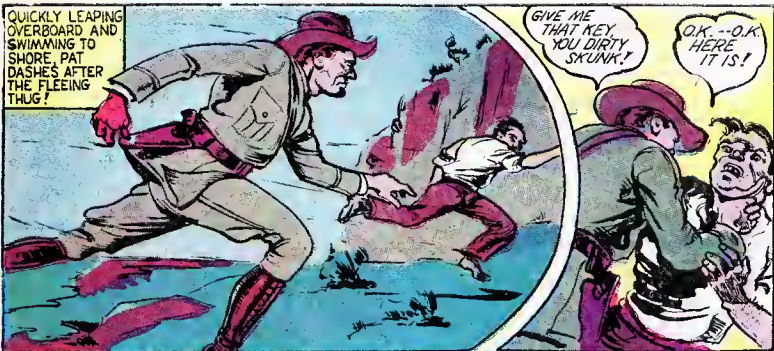
UNHEEDING, THE
TROOPER LEAPS AT THE
OUTSTRETCHED GUN---

--AND LANDS A
TERRIFIC RIGHT
CROSS ON THE
VILLAIN'S
CHIN!

THE BLOW SENDS THE GUNMAN OUT THE
DOOR AND OVER THE RAIL!

GOOD GRAYV! I FORGOT,
THAT MUG HAS THE
KEY TO THE GIRL'S
CHAINS!

QUICKLY LEAPING OVERBOARD AND SWIMMING TO SHORE, PAT DASHES AFTER THE FLEEING THUG!



GIVE ME THAT KEY, YOU DIRTY SKUNK!

O.K.--O.K. HERE IT IS!

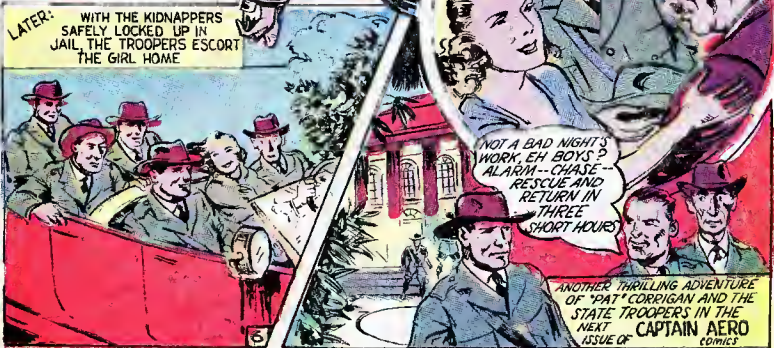
TAKING HIS PRISONER BACK TO THE BOAT, PAT TURNS HIM OVER TO THE OTHER TROOPERS AND HURRIES BELOW!



ALLRIGHT KITTEN, TURN OFF THE WATER WORKS--I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A JIFFY!

OH, DADDY, IT'S SO GOOD TO BE BACK HOME AGAIN!

LATER: WITH THE KIDNAPERS SAFELY LOCKED UP IN JAIL, THE TROOPERS ESCORT THE GIRL HOME



NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK, EH BOYS? ALARM--CHASE--RESCUE AND RETURN IN THREE SHORT HOURS!

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF "PAT" CORRIGAN AND THE STATE TROOPERS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AERO COMICS

**THUMBS UP!
KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!**



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SUPER PILOT"



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HEIGHTS OF THRILLS
and
EXCITEMENT!

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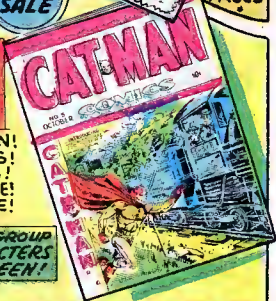
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"HURRICANE
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"THE PIED PIPER!"
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Comics

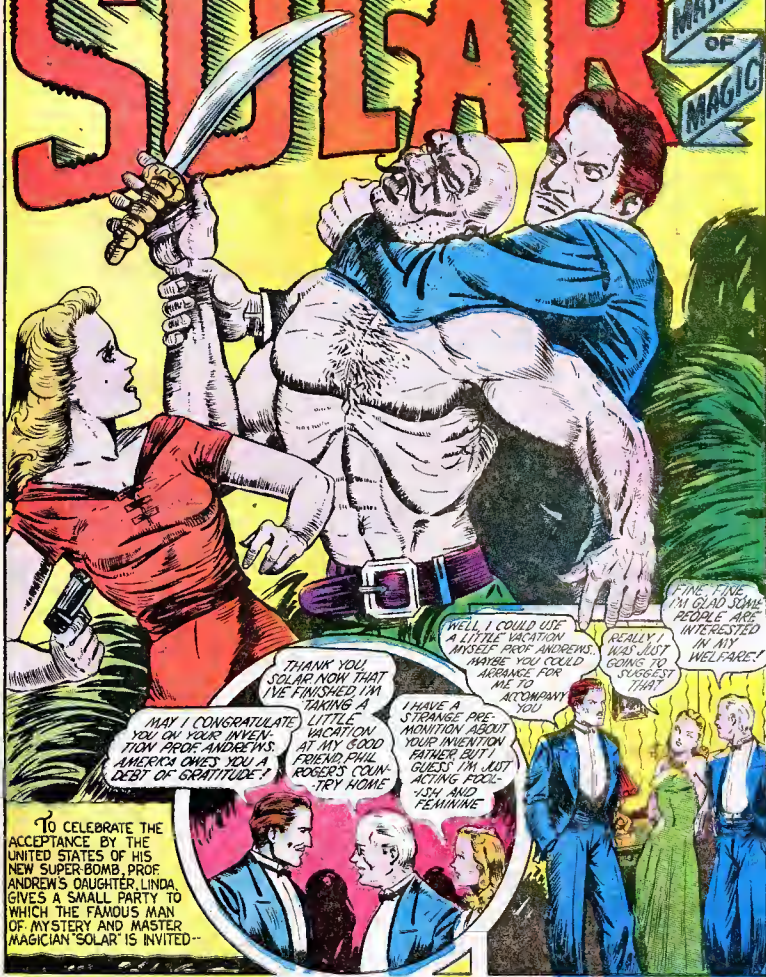
OUT EVERY
MONTH!

DONT MISS
AN ISSUE!



SOLAR

MASTER
OF
MAGIC



THANK YOU, SOLAR NOW THAT I'VE FINISHED I'M TAKING A LITTLE VACATION AT MY GOOD FRIEND PHIL ROGERS'S COUNTRY HOME

MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR INVENTION PROF. ANDREWS. AMERICA OWES YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE!

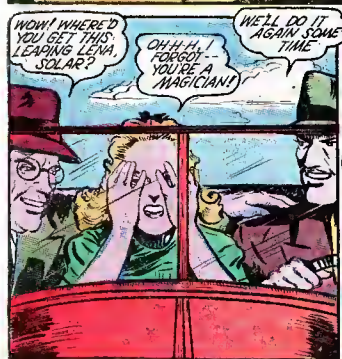
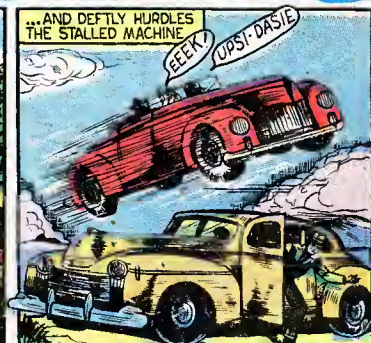
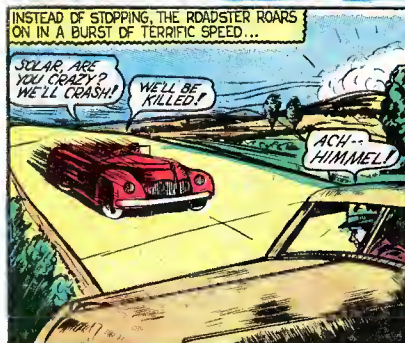
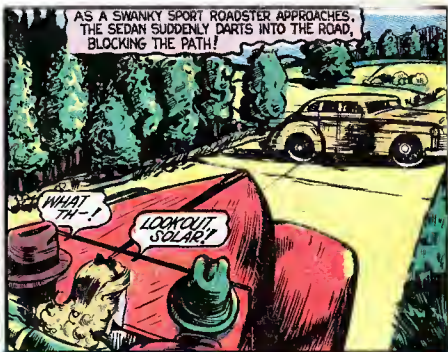
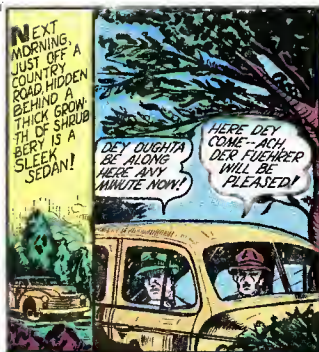
WELL, I COULD USE A LITTLE VACATION MYSELF PROF. ANDREWS. MAYBE YOU COULD ARRANGE FOR ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU

REALLY I WAS JUST GOING TO SUGGEST THAT

FINE FINE I'M GLAD SOME PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN MY WELFARE!

I HAVE A STRANGE PREMONITION ABOUT YOUR INVENTION FATHER BUT I GUESS I'M JUST ACTING FOOLISH AND FEMININE

TO CELEBRATE THE ACCEPTANCE BY THE UNITED STATES OF HIS NEW SUPER-BOMB, PROF. ANDREWS'S DAUGHTER, LINDA, GIVES A SMALL PARTY TO WHICH THE FAMOUS MAN OF MYSTERY AND MASTER MAGICIAN 'SOLAR' IS INVITED--



THEN SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SHADOWS...



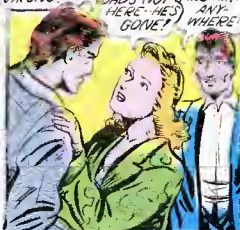
LATER THAT NIGHT, SOLAR IS AWAKENED BY A CRY FROM THE PROFESSOR'S ROOM.



SOLAR, SOLAR, COME HERE, HURRY!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE LINDA!

LINDA, WHAT'S WRONG?



WE CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE! DAD'S NOT HERE - HE'S GONE!

NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, LINDA - I'LL FIND YOUR DAD - YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE ON THAT!



ALTHOUGH THREATENED, THE PROFESSOR IS STILL ADAMANT IN HIS REFUSAL TO REVEAL THE SECRETS OF HIS MOMENTOUS INVENTION

YOU WOULDN'T DARE KILL ME - I'M TOO VALUABLE!

HEH - HEH - WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER!



HERE, HERE, TAKE IT EASY!



YOU - YOU LEAVE HER ALONE!

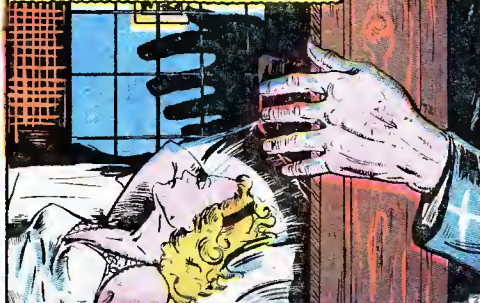
SURE - IF YOU GIVE US THE FORMULA!

NO! I--I CAN'T!

ALL RIGHT MEN - GET THE GIRL!



THAT NIGHT, WHILE LINDA RESTLESSLY MOVES IN HER SLEEP, A SECRET WALL PANEL OPENS



SENSING DANGER, LINDA AWAKENS
WITH A START---

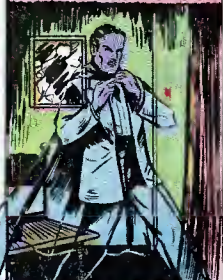


LEAPING FROM THE BED, SHE
SCREAMS AS ROUGH HANDS
GRASP HER!



SOLAR!
SOLAR!
HELP!

SOLAR, DASHING FROM HIS
ROOM, SLIPS ON HIS CAPE
OF MYSTERY AND FADES
INTO INVISIBILITY...



LIKE A WRAITH, HE QUICKLY
SLIPS INTO THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY...



...AND WITH A WELL DIRECTED KICK, SENDS ONE OF
THE HOODLUMS SPRAWLING ---



YEOW!

LINDA RUNS TO HER ANXIOUS
FATHER'S ARMS...



FATHER!

LINDA!

COME ON,
SISTER, WE HAVE
PLANS FOR YOU
YEE-HAH-PLANS!



STOP!
TAKE YOUR
FILTHY
HANDS
OFF OF
HER!

LEAVE ME
ALONE--FATHER,
HELP!



GET UP YOU
CLUMSY
CLOWN!

BOSS,
SOMEVUN
KICKED
ME!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE
INVISIBLE SOLAR KNEES
ONE OF THE HOODLUMS



HAVE YOU
GONE CRAZY
FRITZ?

MAYBE HE
WANTS TO
ENTER-
TAIN
US!



THE HOODLUM SOCKS THE
NEAREST NAZI!



YOU DONE
IT!

BOP!

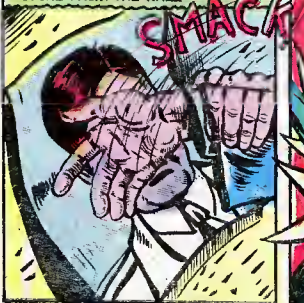


LIFTING THE THUG'S FEET
HIGH, SOLAR
SENDS HIM
FLAT ON HIS
FACE!



HEIL
HITLER!

GRASPING THE LEADER'S FOREARM,
SOLAR FORCES HIM TO SLAP THE
PICTURE FROM THE WALL



SMACK

GET HIM! HE
IS A TRAITOR--
HE STEUCK DER
FUEHRER!



THE HOOD IS JERKED
FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS
LEADER'S HEAD TO REVEAL



THE FACE OF
PHIL ROGERS!

SOLAR TWISTS
FRITZ'S EAR!

THE ENRAGED NAZI TURNS TO SLUG
THE NEAREST THUG--

MR. ROGERS!

PHIL!

OW!

WHY YOU--
ENOUGH'S ENOUGH!

THE THUG RETALIATES BY
THROWING A BUCKET--

DISCARDING HIS
CAPE OF MYSTERY,
SOLAR JOINS IN
THE FRAY...

THIS LOOKS
PROMISING--GUESS
I'LL JOIN!

HEY, VERD
YOU COME
FROM?

OH, I THOUGHT
I'D SHOW YOU
BOYS A GOOD
OLD U.S.A.
BLITZKRIEG!

THE LAST NAZI PROMPTLY
DISPATCHES HIMSELF WITH
SOLAR'S HELP...

TSK! TSK!
IS THAT
NICE?

HELLO FOLKS,
ARE YOU O.K.?

IT'S AMAZING
WHERE IN THE
WORLD DID
YOU GET YOUR
STRANGE
POWERS?

FINE,
THANKS TO
YOU, SOLAR!

THIS DIAMOND FROM KING
SOLOMON'S MINES GIVES THE
WEARER THE POWER
OF PERFORMING
MIRACLES. WITH
THE AID OF THIS
JEWEL WE HAVE
BROUGHT UP ONE
OF THE MOST
SPY RINGS EVER
TO INFEST THIS
NATION!

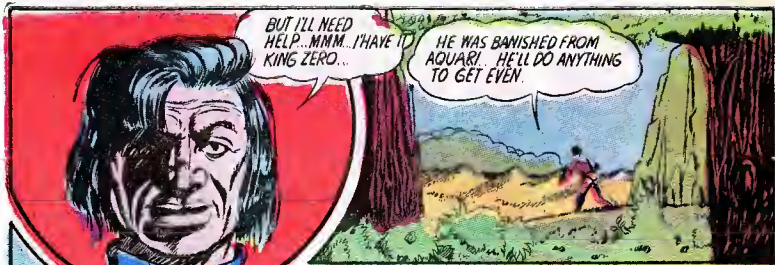
THE
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THE NEXT
THRILLING ISSUE
OF
**CAPTAIN
AERO** COMICS

'CAP' STONE

EL



CAP STONE, ADVENTURER, ACCIDENTLY BECOMES A MEMBER OF A VAST UNDERSEA KINGDOM. ANTAGONIZING TRITON, HE BECOMES INVOLVED IN A FIGHT WITH HIM WHILE SPEEDING IN AN AERO-CAR WHICH HURTTLES OFF A CLIFF. CAP JUMPS SAYING HIMSELF, BELIEVING TRITON DEAD HE GOES BACK TO THE CITY OF AQUARI. BUT TRITON CRAWLS FROM THE WRECKAGE ALIVE.....



BUT I'LL NEED
HELP...MMM...I HAVE
KING ZERO...

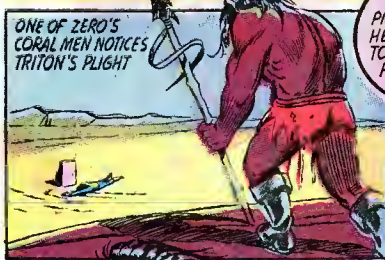
HE WAS BANISHED FROM
AQUARI... HE'LL DO ANYTHING
TO GET EVEN.



IT CAN'T BE MUCH FARTHER
I MUST HAVE WALKED MILES...



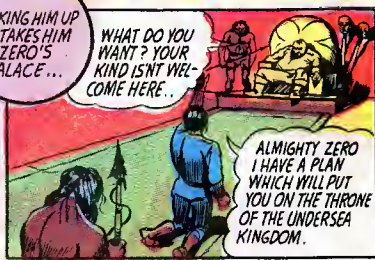
BLAST IT ALL IT LOOKS LIKE I...I WON'T
MAKE IT...



ONE OF ZERO'S
CORAL MEN NOTICES
TRITON'S PLIGHT



PICKING HIM UP
HE TAKES HIM
TO ZERO'S
PALACE...

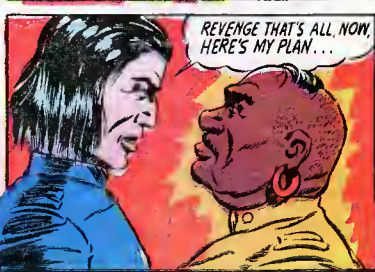


WHAT DO YOU
WANT? YOUR
KIND ISN'T WEL-
COME HERE...

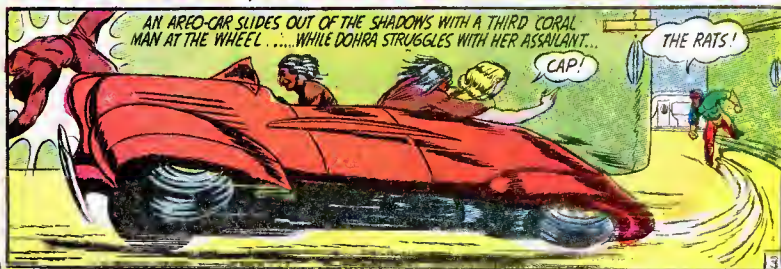
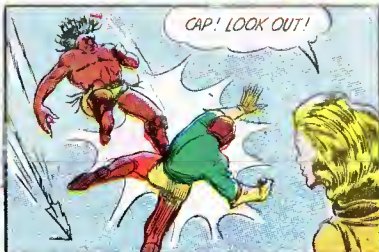
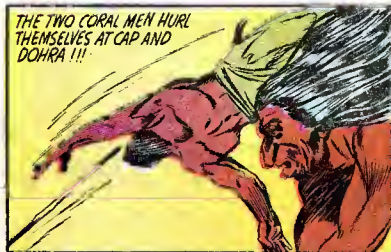
ALMIGHTY ZERO
I HAVE A PLAN
WHICH WILL PUT
YOU ON THE THRONE
OF THE UNDERSEA
KINGDOM.



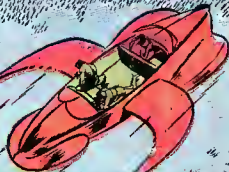
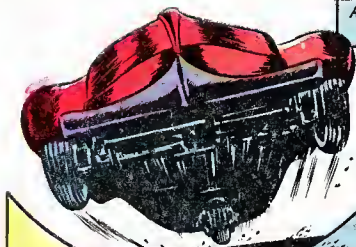
EH! WHAT'S THAT
AND WHAT WOULD
YOU GAIN FROM
IT?



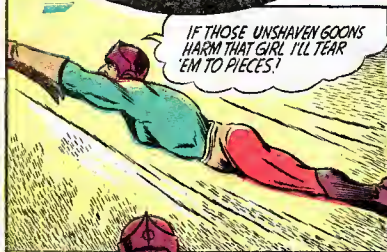
REVENGE THAT'S ALL, NOW,
HERE'S MY PLAN...



AS THE AREO-CAR GATHERS SPEED ITS COLLAPSIBLE WINGS
SLIDE OUT OF THE SIDES AND IT SOARS OFF...



IF THOSE UNSHAVEN GOONS
HARM THAT GIRL I'LL TEAR
'EM TO PIECES!



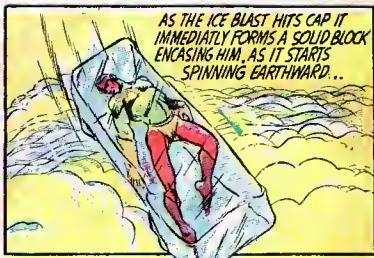
HAH! ICE GUN WILL
STOP THAT IMPETUOUS
FOOL!



WOW! ICE!



AS THE ICE BLAST HITS CAP IT
IMMEDIATELY FORMS A SOLID BLOCK
ENCASING HIM, AS IT STARTS
SPINNING EARTHWARD...

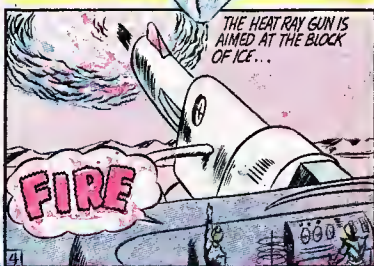


MEANWHILE THE DWELLERS OF AQUARI WATCH
SPELLBOUND

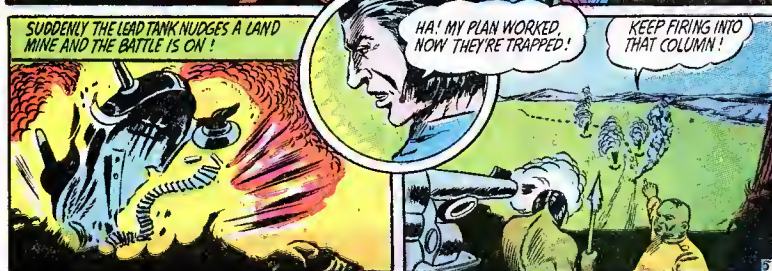
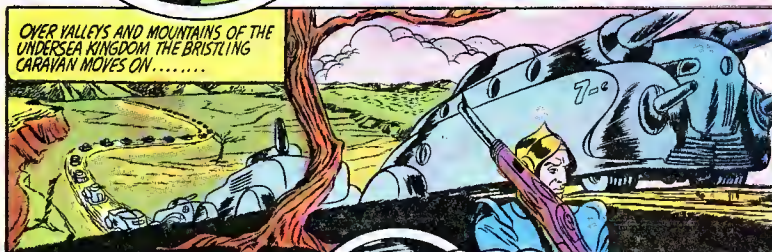
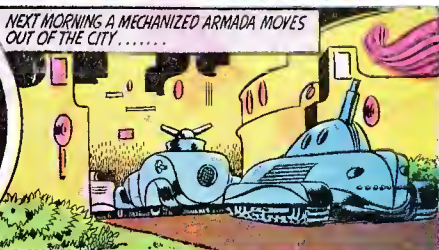
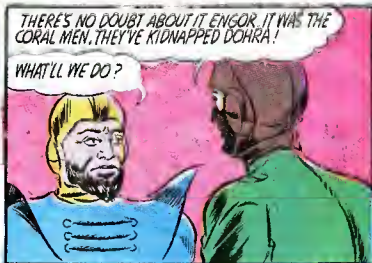
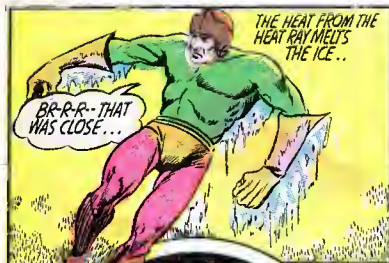
QUICK! WHEEL OUT THE HEAT RAY!



THE HEAT RAY GUN IS
AIMED AT THE BLOCK
OF ICE...



FIRE



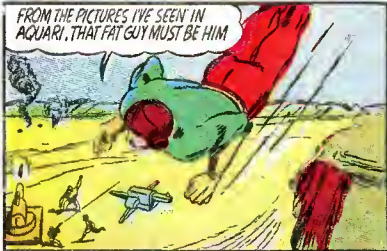
WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE WHILE THEIR ARTILLERY COMMANDS THE SURROUNDING BLUFFS!



I HAVE AN IDEA I CAN SAVE OUR FORCES IF I CAN ONLY FIND ZERO...



FROM THE PICTURES I'VE SEEN IN AQUARI, THAT FAT GUY MUST BE HIM



HY, ZERO!



QUICKLY DISPERSING ZERO'S GUARDS CAP TIES THE VILLAIN TO THE CANNON'S MOUTH!!

HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU AIN'T GONNA KILL ME, ARE YOU?



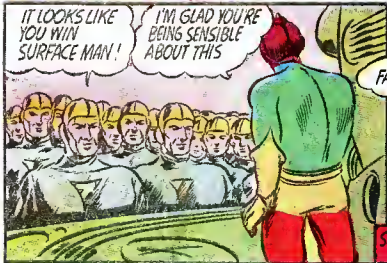
CAP COMMANDEERS AN ENEMY SOUND TRUCK...

LEGIONS OF ZERO! CEASE FIRING OR SEE YOUR LEADER BLOWN TO ETERNITY!!!



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WIN SURFACE MAN!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE ABOUT THIS

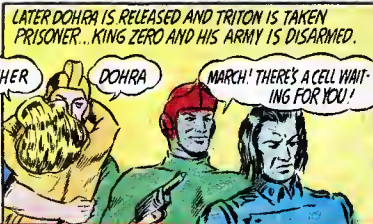


LATER DOHRA IS RELEASED AND TRITON IS TAKEN PRISONER... KING ZERO AND HIS ARMY IS DISARMED.

FATHER

DOHRA

MARCH! THERE'S A CELL WAITING FOR YOU!



SEE CAP STONE NEXT MONTH IN CAPTAIN AERO COMICS...

HERE THEY ARE!

THE FASTEST MOVING, SUPER-ACTION CHARACTERS IN COMIC BOOK HISTORY!

FOLLOW THESE GREAT
ACTION STRIPS

The Sensational
CAT-MAN

The **DEACON**

AND HIS AMAZING BOY
FRIEND **MICKEY**
HURRICANE HARRIGAN
A COWBOY IN INDIA

The **PIED PIPER**
AND THE PIPE OF DEATH.

BLAZE BAYLOR
DR. DIAMOND
AND THE UNUSUAL
RAG-MAN
AND OTHERS.

GET CAT-MAN
TODAY FOR
THE THRILL
OF THRILLS

OVER
500

Picture
!

DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!

10¢

ON SALE AT
ALL NEWS-
STANDS.

CAT-MAN COMICS